



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 5

September 2018

**Some New Features This Issue**  
Harking Back with Harvey - Sailing Into An Older Age  
2018 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop  
Misadventure in Los Angeles - Building Trifoam 16- Part 1  
Albert Strange on the Design of Shoal Water Boats  
Ancient Pacific Navigation - Weather Observer's Handbook



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

The arrival here in July of an article by Reader J.W Robinson, entitled "Ancient Pacific Navigation" once again aroused my apparently never ending fascination with how our predecessors, long before the industrial revolution, achieved so much with so little. The author asks, "How did they do it?" and proceeds to tell us what historians have come up with for answers starting on page 41.

While our understandable Eurocentric outlook on the history of the "discovery" of the rest of the world by our European ancestors since about 1500 has revealed in great detail to those of us interested how they went about it, due to some of those involved having kept written records and logs, 1,500 or more years earlier the Polynesians were out there in the far vaster Pacific colonizing island after island spread thinly over our world's biggest "open space." No written records were kept and so historians have had slim pickings trying to learn how they did it.

Of particular interest to me, and those who find traditional small craft fascinating, were the boats in which they did this. While the Europeans were still crawling along clinging closely to the Mediterranean coastlines in tubby craft designed for carrying lots of trade goods, the Polynesians had already sailed far and wide over the vast Pacific in graceful multihulls "designed" from long experience handed down generation to generation by word of mouth.

It wasn't until about 800 or so that the Norsemen came up with boats designed to range far and wide over the open Atlantic and thus become the first to discover North America long before Columbus and company. While the Viking longships were monohulls they did share with the Polynesian multihulls those swoopy graceful lines that not only looked fast but were fast, thus able to cover far greater distances in the time available before their supplies ran out.

Well, all of this is common knowledge to most of us interested in how our ancestors headed out into the unknown from both sides of the world unbeknownst to each other. To me the fascinating underlying fact about the boats is that they were already back then extrapolations of earlier efforts by

humans to get out on the water. The concept of a watercraft sprang from the human brain, and its execution was done until recent historical times by human hands. This applies to everything else we use today to make our lives ever easier, they are all extrapolations of those earlier efforts of mind and hand.

Coming to understand how these Polynesian explorers developed and built the boats needed for their perceived needs is a logical process but how they were able to find their way around once afloat has been a far greater mystery. Ultimately historians have evolved an understanding of how they navigated using stars, wind, waves, currents, and, closer to land, waterfowl. Not too long ago this was all proven when a traditionally trained native Polynesian successfully navigated a traditional proa from Hawaii to the south sea islands, demonstrating the capabilities of the human brain. He is a rarity however today, and the potential loss of his skill, if not passed along to the next generation, is feared by those who still value the idea of human self sufficiency.

In more recent historic times there have been some memorable examples of our ability to find our way afloat. One is Captain Bligh's extraordinary achievement sailing a small open boat across thousands of miles of the open Pacific after having been set adrift from the *Bounty*. Yes, he had a sextant and knew how to use it and he knew his position when set adrift.

But the most outstanding such effort to me was Ernest Shackleton's successful effort in 1916 to save the crew of his icebound (and sunken) Antarctic exploration ship *Endurance*. His key man was the *Endurance's* captain, Frank Worsley. Shackleton had great faith in Worsley's skills as a navigator, especially his ability to work out positions in difficult circumstances. From Elephant Island off the Antarctic Peninsula, Shackleton, Worsley and four others, sailed the 22.5' (6.9 m) lifeboat *James Caird* some 800 miles (1,300 km) across the stormy South Atlantic Ocean, eventually arriving at their intended destination, South Georgia. Worsley's navigation skills were crucial to the safe arrival of the *James Caird*. He didn't miss.

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## On the Cover...

From time to time friend Harvey, who is not a boat guy but a photography guy, sends me photos he has taken of local boats, of which there are plenty along our Massachusetts North Shore. Most recently he sent something different, even for him, local boating scenes, not in "living color" but in a sort of gray tone that brought to mind scenes of yesteryear from photography's early years. I was instantly taken with these and so you'll find not only one on the cover this month but two more on page 3 introducing a new feature, "Harking Back With Harvey, which will be taking over the place occupied for many years by Matthew Goldman's "Constant Waterman."



*Conomo Point*

## *Harking Back With Harvey*

*"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."*

*Images by Harvey Petersiel*

*Venice Jetty*







# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### 8th Annual Elf Classic Yacht Race

The 8th annual *Elf* Classic Yacht Race on September 29, sponsored by the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild (CYRG) and the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM), will take place exclusively on the Miles River off the CBMM waterfront, offering land and sea spectators an unparalleled view of classic sailing yachts.

This informal, no ratings race recreates the tradition of centuries old yacht regattas with proceeds benefitting the educational missions of both CBMM and CYRG, to foster interest in restoring and preserving vintage boats that reflect true maritime heritage. This year's Classic celebrates the 130th anniversary of *Elf*'s construction.

A fleet of classic yachts will join *Elf* in a cloud of traditional sail for a race run in the style of the 1880s, featuring the nautical version of a "Le Mans start." Captains will row their boat's tender to shore at CBMM for the firing of the starting gun, at which time the captains row back to their boats, raise anchors and sails and get underway.

As the race ends, captains will anchor off Fogg Cove and row to shore to sign the race log on the deck of the Steamboat Building.

To be part of this unique event, boats are invited to register their classic or traditional design vessel early. Registration is limited to 30 vessels and is expected to be fully subscribed. Wooden and historic vessels will have priority if over subscribed.

For registration forms and additional details visit [www.cyrg.org](http://www.cyrg.org) or call *Elf* Captain Rick Carrion at (443) 566-2212.



### Watch Elf Classic Yacht Race Aboard Winnie Estelle

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is offering a special cruise aboard the 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle* to watch the 8th annual Elf Classic Yacht Race on the Miles River. The Elf Classic Yacht Race spectator cruise will run from 9:30am to 11:30am so that passengers can view the beginning of the race. Participation is limited with advanced registration needed at [bitly.com/watchelf](http://bitly.com/watchelf).



### Boats & Boating Festival on Lake George, New York

The Bolton Historical Museum in Bolton Landing, New York, is staging a recreation of the once common regattas depicted in the photos of its current exhibit, "Along the Shore: Boats and Boating on Lake George from 1890-1920." This day long festival on September 22 will feature dozens of small boats from that era, powered by oar, paddle and sail. There will be in-water and on-land exhibits and demonstrations and it's free and open to the public. Plus, the Museum will be open that day so you can check out the photographic exhibit, which also includes several boats on display.

For more information, contact Reuben Smith, Tumblehome Boatshop at (518) 623-5050 or email [info@tumblehomeboats.com](mailto:info@tumblehomeboats.com). Tumblehome is a sponsor of this event.

## Information of Interest...

### My Grandfather and John Gardner

Interesting and informative article about John Gardner in your May issue. After reading it I looked up the live interviews that Peter H. Spectre had with John in the fall of 1980 in his book, *Different Waterfronts*.

I came to the realization that John's mentor, Tommy Webster from Calais, mentioned on page 31, was my grandfather, "Pa" Webster. During the war years my mother (Pa's daughter) and I spent the summers at the log cabin that Pa built overlooking the Passamaquoddy Bay in Robinson, Maine.

Pa was a master carpenter and boat builder. He worked for the Lighthouse Service as a carpenter and travelled the Maine coast repairing, building and maintaining lighthouses. His boat shop was in the barn in back of his house on Washington Street in Calais. Every summer my first job was to crank the whetstone water wheel while he sharpened all of his tools.

He spent as much time as he could at the cabin. I even recall the "Whelan Boys" that Peter mentioned in his book. We would stop by their shop and pick up a few lobster pots that Pa would use all summer. I have many fond memories of my downeast summers.

I believe that some of Pa's genes were passed along. I am an amateur boat builder (and long time MAIB subscriber) and have spent much of my life at sea. My son graduated from the Maine Maritime Museum Apprenticeship in Bath and is now operating his own business as a yacht designer out of Yarmouth, Maine.

Peter Webster Estabrook, Concord, CA,

### Looking for Marine Fuel?

If you are looking for marine fuel, you might to look at [pure-gas.org](http://pure-gas.org). The site shows locations of stations selling non ethanol fuel. Choose your state and you will get an alphabetical list of cities.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

### Low Power Motor

One can still purchase a fresh water trolling motor from Minn Kota and a WalMart deep cycle battery and charger for under \$300 for a low power motor (May issue).

Happy to see your magazine is still as fine as it was years ago when I used to receive it before the post office charges to forward all our magazines seasonally led us to let all our subscriptions go.

James R. Garrity, Branford, FL



### OCH Bookshelf

What if we asked Nat Benjamin and Lin and Larry Pardey to list their favorite maritime books for you? The Pardeys have sailed over 200,000 miles, including two circumnavigations aboard self built, wooden, engineless cutters under 30'. Their books provide countless sea tales and know how:



What if all 27 OCH Guides listed their favorite books for you? If the list included over 100 books, all time tested classics, it might be boaters' ultimate dream list.

Well, here it is, from epic novels to instructional gems, the "dream list" is in OCH's Boathouse Library where OCH members can download it or print it out. Throughout the list, you'll find links to each Guide's explanations of why they chose particular books.

The Mariner's Bookshelf, by Off Center Harbor, a dream list of recommended reading for boaters.

OffCenterHarbor.com is a website with over 500 videos and 500 articles on boat handling, repairs, maintenance, boat building, dream boats and more.



## Projects...

### Just Loves His Vermont Pak Boat

I have recently advertised three of my boats for sale as a result of the Martins, the Adirondack Guideboat boys who advertise on your back cover. I purchased their Vermont Pak Boat solo version four years ago and just love it. I have eight boats that feel quite ignored as a result.

I am still involved in boat building, however, and have shared that with you and your readers in the past with articles on my models of an Adirondack guideboat, Mackinaw boat and Richardson fishing boat. I'm currently working on a model of a Great Lakes Schooner, the *Alvin Clark*. Hard working Dan Rogers has been my unpaid helper. I needed a scale figure to pose for scale accuracy and went through old *MAIB* issues and found a pic of Dan that was just right.

Rob Becker, Sheboygan, WI

### Converting a Compac 16 to an "Old Man's Boat"

Of interest to your readers might be my conversion of a Compac 16 to an "Old Man's Boat." I'm pushing 80 and my balance isn't what it used to be. I'm adding a bunch of modifications to the 16:

Hand holds of some kind at arm's length from rudder to bowsprit; a fold down step on the rudder for my getting back onboard; a stern pulpit; a boom gallows; an enlarged cockpit drain system (all Compacs have large cockpits subject to swamping in followings seas) and truck inner tubes rigged to inflate inside making the boat itself its own lifeboat.

I cannot help but respond to Bob Hicks' August commentary and the several laments in kind about doing things ourselves that have appeared recently. The inference is that young people today are increasingly less capable and it is because rampant technology is taking over the world. This view is not new to people of our advanced years, just maybe new to us, and it is just as wrong now as it was in an earlier age.

I have been a product engineer all of my working life and my mantra has always been if you cannot design or build something that works better, is cheaper and is better looking than what exists (and I mean all three) then don't bother. The things I designed 50 years ago, even 25 years ago, that adhered to that mantra I would not bother with today. It's because those kids who supposedly cannot use their hands can do it better with their inquiring minds and their ten little fingers.

Have you ever wondered just who it is that comes up with the wonders of technology that even those of us stuck in the warm, comfortable mud of the past cannot do with-

My bucket list of sailing adventures includes offshore point-to-point sailing on the Great Lakes and maybe even out to the Dry Tortugas. For these I am setting up a removable staysail and I have a small Yankee to set off the bowsprit and also a finished genoa on a furler.

Over the years I have kept in contact with Robert Burgess of Trailer Sailor fame and his last note gave me a shock. He is selling his Compac 16 and 19 as well. At 90+ he is in good shape but he said the boats were getting too much to rig. I guess I better get going on my bucket list.

Larry Bracken, Anderson, IN

## This Magazine...

### A Pleasure to Renew

Once again it is my pleasure to renew my subscription to *MAIB*. Your journal, is, simply put, exactly right. Its unpretentious nature brings me just what I want to read each month. As one who paddles from ice in to ice out each year and always has a boat project in my garage, I feel like I fit into the stories that you print. While other magazines may be slicker, include color photographs and exhibit more expensive layouts, your simple honest journal fits my sensibilities perfectly.

I used to read each issue cover to cover, including all of the advertisements. These days, however, I admit that I skip the articles about the *Dancing Chicken*. I can't make logical sense out of the ramblings and can't find a meaningful reference to actual boat building in them. Not that you should stop printing the articles, I just don't happen to understand them.

Nevertheless, it is a joy to send in my renewal and look forward to a wonderful issue each month. After all, the advertisements are still worth reading and the kinship I feel with boats nuts from AlmostCanada to the Tiki Hut gives a genuine sense of community.

Ted Huffman, Rapid City, SD

**Editor Comments:** Gloria Burge was featured on the cover of our October 2015 issue at the launching of her previous boat building project, a Bolger pram. On the strength of that achievement by an older woman in her 70s building her boat in the camper in which she lived in the Maine woods, I welcomed her dissertation on building her long held dream, *Dancing Chicken*. It does seem to be taking a while to get going but many in the past have spent years building their dreamboats, and her pace sets a counterpoint to that of Dan Rogers in Almost Canada or Dave Lucas and Company in the Tiki Hut.



## In Defense of Kids

By Hugh Groth

out? Who designs and builds the vast field of computers and, for that matter, even the cases and products they are housed in? Most things today do work better, are cheaper and better looking than what we made and it is not those of us who "do things with our own hands" that did it. And at 80 I figure I am right there beside you in the mud and I kind of like it. I don't have a smartphone or a GPS and it's because I don't want to learn how to use them. So far I don't have to because I can depend on the youngsters.

Do not be fooled, they are and have been watching. I gave my daughter a "manual GPS" a couple of years ago, and when her electronic GPS told her to do something she did not want to do she knew how to use that map. Her husband can make repairs around the house without my supervision and their children, now adults, can do the same. Mean-

while, I try to learn from him how to make my computer work correctly.

Another granddaughter can sail a boat better than I can and she owns the one we built together. Her brother loves his computer but he can take a knife and carve a small mushroom from a block of wood, possibly inspired by the bird carvings I have been doing lately. He can detect when the lawn tractor is not running well, usually can find what the problem is and can be of value to his dad in making the repair. His dad can fix anything better than I can. I believe my grandson can do these things because his dad is visible, is there for him and willing to include him, as am I.

True, none of them can make canoes like I do now with "their own hands" as I also did when I was young, nor can they carve birds, but what they choose to do they do very well and, in my eyes, it has a timely value. My observation of what young people can do goes well beyond my own family. Kids today are no less capable, no worse than we were, probably better.



## Hoax Distress Calls Can be Deadly

"This is the fishing vessel *Sol e Mar*. This is a mayday, we're sinking, we need help now!" These were among the last words of 19-year-old Billy Hokanson as the fishing boat that he and his father were on sank to the bottom of the ocean on March 25, 1990.

Coast Guard Stations Menemsha and Brad Point, both off the coast of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, received the distress call on marine radio channel 16, distorted by heavy amounts of static. Both stations attempted to call the boat back but did not get an answer. About a minute after Hokanson's transmission a separate call came through channel 16, "SOS, I'm sinking," the caller said in a laughing, playful tone. Both distress calls were presumed to be related and deemed as hoaxes. The bodies of the Hokansons were never found.

Five days after the call for help was made, William's wife reported them overdue. A commercial salvage company eventually found the wreckage of their ship and the second caller was never identified.

This was the first time that a hoax caller ever impacted a Coast Guard response. The *Sol e Mar* case changed the way the Coast Guard responds to possible hoax calls and the penalties for those who make them.

"The Coast Guard takes the word 'mayday' very seriously," said Lt JG Bradley Milliken, command duty officer at Sector Hampton Road's command center. "We assume that someone's life is in danger and respond appropriately."

The Coast Guard defines a hoax as a case where information is conveyed with the intent to deceive. "False maydays not only waste time, money and resources but also can be extremely dangerous," said Milliken. "Any time that Coast Guard assets are dispatched to an area where nothing is wrong, it leaves them unable to respond to actual emergencies."

Coast Guard searches utilizing one rescue helicopter and one boat costs tens of thousands of dollars an hour at the taxpayer's expense. Depending on the nature of the distress call, and the availability of search and rescue resources, even more assets could be (and have been) needlessly used after a hoax distress calls are received.

Coast Guard crews aren't the only ones affected by hoaxes, they impact members of local agencies and communities who regularly help respond in search and rescue cases. An urgent marine information broadcast is usually issued after a distress call is received to ask local mariners to look out for signs of distress. "Unfortunately, hoax calls happen all too frequently," said Milliken. "In 2017 there were about 58 calls deemed to be hoaxes."

Any hoax callers willing to put the lives of mariners and first responders in danger may face serious consequences. Hoax callers could face up to ten years in prison, \$250,000 in fines, plus the cost of the search.

## Big Sand Cay Turks and Caicos Islands

A Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater rescue swimmer talks with the survivor of the sunken 36' sailing vessel *Wings*, Friday, June 29, approximately six miles southwest of Big Sand Cay, Turks and Caicos. The Coast Guard 7th District Command Center received a 406 megahertz emergency position indicat-

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## Our Coast Guard at Work

From the Coast Guard Media Letter

**Editor Comments:** Every two weeks we receive a Coast Guard Media Letter illustrating the sort of work they are doing on our collective behalf during these summer months. Herewith a selection of typical rescue reports along with an editorial comment on the dangers that hoax rescue calls can create.

ing radio beacon alert from the 36' sailing vessel with one person aboard and rescued the mariner. (US Coast Guard photo courtesy of Air Station Clearwater).



## Cortez, Florida

A Station Cortez 45' Response Boat-Medium boat crew medevacs a 43-year-old man from a sailboat two miles west of Big Sarasota Pass, Florida, on June 30. Bryan Shawl reported he was suffering from symptoms of seasickness and was no longer able to safely operate his sailboat. (US Coast Guard photo by Petty Officer 2nd Class Ashley Johnson)



## Boston, Massachusetts

The Coast Guard rescued an 80-year-old man after he set sail from Cuttyhunk to New Bedford and didn't check in as expected. Peter Horan's caretaker called watchstanders at Sector Southeastern New England at about 11:45am reporting that Horan was missing in his 34' cabin cruiser, *Best Friends*, after he didn't return to New Bedford at noon as planned. Coast Guard aircrews from Air Station Cape Cod and boat crews from Stations Woods Hole and Menemsha, along with crews from partner agencies, scoured the Buzzards Bay area searching for Horan and his boat. Crews searched about 425 square miles, almost the size of New York City.

While monitoring channel 16 during the search, watchstanders overheard a radio conversation from a good Samaritan in Rhode Island calling the vessel *Best Friends*. After determining the hail was coming from a sailing vessel near the Sakonnet River, the 45' response boat crew arrived on scene and escorted Horan to awaiting family and Emergency Medical Services at Sakonnet Harbor.



## Coast Guard Assists Vessel Taking on Water

The Coast Guard assisted four boaters Saturday after their boat began taking on water five miles east of Mayport, Florida. Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville Command Center watchstanders received a call via VHF-FM radio channel 16 at 5:51pm from the operator of a 28' sport fisher stating they were taking on water. A Coast Guard Station Mayport 45' Response Boat-Medium crew launched to assist at 6:04 p.m. The RB-M crew arrived on scene and embarked three of the four boaters. Two RB-M crewmembers began dewatering the vessel. The vessel was safely escorted to the Mayport boat ramp and trailered.

(Coast Guard 45' Response Boat-Medium file photo by Petty Officer 1st Class Christopher Dougherty)



## Coast Guard, Chatham County Marine Patrol Rescue 3 Boaters After Vessel Capsizes

The Coast Guard and the Chatham County Marine Patrol rescued three boaters Saturday after their vessel capsized near Wassaw Sound, Georgia. Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Charleston received a call via VHF-FM radio channel 16 at 4:56pm from the operator of a 19' Grady-White stating they were taking on water. A Coast Guard Air Station Savannah MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew and a Coast Guard Station Tybee Island 29' Response Boat-Small crew launched to assist. At 5:26pm, the Dolphin crew located 3 people on top of a capsized vessel and notified a Chatham County Marine Patrol crew of their location. The Marine Patrol crew recovered the boaters and transported them to a nearby boat ramp.



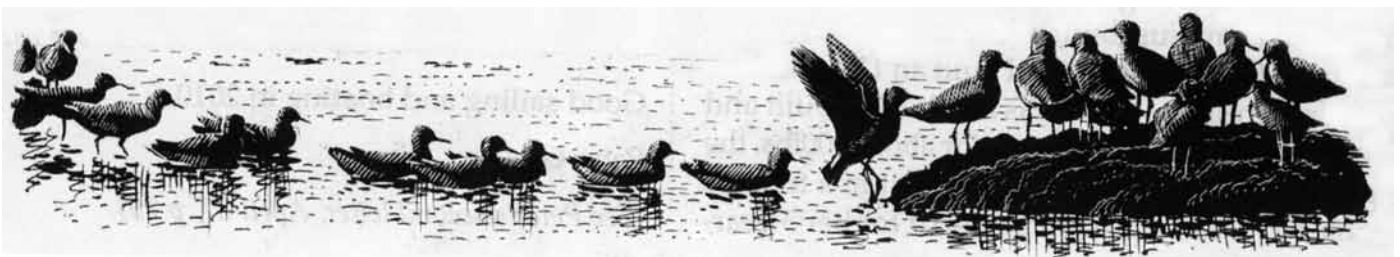
## Coast Guard, Good Samaritan Respond to Capsized Vessel off Niantic Bay, Connecticut

The Coast Guard and a good Samaritan rescued four people from a capsized vessel near Niantic Bay, Connecticut, Saturday. At approximately 10:53am, watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Long Island Sound command center received a call via VHF-FM radio channel 16 that a 21' pleasure craft was taking on water with four people aboard. Sector Long Island Sound watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast and diverted two 29' Response Boat-Small boat crews to assist the 21' pleasure craft. In less than five minutes, at 10:58pm, a good Samaritan who heard the urgent marine information broadcast arrived on scene. The good Samaritan took four people aboard their boat and Coast Guard Station New London and Waterford Police Department arrived on scene shortly after.

## Rental Boat Capsizes CG Saves 9

The Coast Guard rescued nine people from the water after their boat capsized near Hen and Chickens Reef. At approximately 4pm the crew of the 19' boat contacted Coast Guard Station Islamorada (Florida) watch-

standers stating they were taking on water and were in need of emergency assistance. Watchstanders launched a 33' Special Purpose Craft-Law Enforcement boat crew to assist and embarked all nine people, transferring them to Smugglers Cove Resort and Marina. Salvage arrangements were made by the capsized boat's rental company to tow the boat ashore.



Went over today, overboard, as in "man overboard." Went over twice actually. Twice ought to give you an idea it was planned. This is one of those "don't try this at home" stories. I've been thinking of doing just this since the middle of this past winter. I wanted the temperatures up some before pulling this off. Others, fishermen, were out and about and far enough off so as not to spoil things. I was in the bay and once the decision was made to give it a go I moseyed in closer to shore. Getting separated from the craft was, after all, a possibility, so also donning my water shoes in case I had to walk the shores, over I went.

Remember now, don't try this at home. When I venture out alone onto the bay I tether myself to *Red Top* with a good stout harness, attached to the main sheet, that's the mainsail control line. The wind light, maybe 10 to 12, coming over the port beam, heading south. Over I went. And back aboard quickly as well. I did have to pull myself to the boat. Getting aboard using the leeboard line cleated into a stirrup was quick and easy.

On the second man overboard I lingered some watching the boat's action. She continued sailing, pulling me along. I tried a particular roll of my body to see the affects. No good, twisting a small amount put too much water in my face. This time, after pulling myself back to the boat, not pushing on the

## Meanderings Along the Coast of Texas

By Michael Beebe

### Went Over

rudder as I did first time around, getting back aboard was more of a chore, the stirrup harder to use, foot placement, it's better to stall the sails, also this second, m.o.b. brought more water back aboard.

This was not something you'd read about in the major magazines with any kind of blessings. That's fine, it really is. Should you do the same? I'm not saying. But be ready to swim, walk and pay the piper. A few years back I had to walk the shallows pulling a 12' plywood skiff for about a mile before I got a tow, my feet were sore for weeks. So when we, or I, miscalculate, I'm the one paying the dime.

Oh I know, I know, what about the wife, the dog, the cat? We don't have a cat. Mr Rice faced the same questions and didn't look back, so my little ventures are actually very tame and subdued.

A few years back, aboard an *Alacrity* 19 sailing out on the Aransas Bay with my daughter and her now husband, we tried a get

back aboard rope/line sling off the starboard rear quarter at the transom. They both went over in turn, then it was supposed to be my turn. I declined, my own idea. Why? They, both much younger and fitter, had the same response, not so good. I trusted their judgement and stayed aboard, no sense getting wet.

Last summer I did go over, alone, out there a mile or so off the beach. I'd lowered the sail and used the leeboard pennant tied off to its cleat into a sling. I copycatted that idea from Rice's bow to stern, which I tried as well. The leeboard pennant being there already didn't warrant another line thrown in the mix, so I nixed the fore 'n aft line.

Lately, coming back in after dark or when it's really been blowing here, I've noticed a Parks and Wildlife truck show up for a few minutes, then drive off. Somebody's watching.

So my take away is more experiments are necessary using different length tethers, attached differently as well. These next fiascos will be off the beach as well in settled weather.

Another thought, with the sail still pulling me along, the direction chosen, would have put us on the shore shortly. In winds 20 and up, the dicey factor ratchets up quite a bit, I would think. That's probably not a good thing with oysters about, not to mention the oyster reefs themselves. That wouldn't be a good thing.

Be careful out there.



We tried some new things this year, some worked and some morphed into something different than planned.

What worked? Well, free sailing at 4pm Friday and Saturday afternoons worked well and a plain air sketching and watercolor class held on the adjacent lobster shack dock was very popular.

What morphed? Well, the idea was to hold a rowing workshop open to the public with many and varied types of rowing boats available to try, but instead of a formal workshop, it became more of a one-on-one introduction of individuals to boats in which they were specifically interested.

We kept the tried and true, morning rows (up the river Saturday, down the river Sunday), tours to view the original small craft in the Seaport's Small Craft Hall, hands-on crafts and ongoing skills demonstrations and presentations, all of which went extremely well.

Carl Kaufmann had on display his brand new handbuilt Graeme King racing wherry, built of 1/8" cedar strips covered by 1oz 'glass and weighing only 42lbs. Carl rowed it up the river bright and early Friday morning and could be seen throughout the weekend explaining its construction and use.

Bill Meier had on display, as well as later in the water for demos, his fixed seat John DeLapp Natoma Skiff.

In addition, Tom Hepp had on display his nesting boats which later became the topic of a Saturday afternoon presentation. Tom's presentation drew interest as he explained the evolution of his design from the first two-piece to the three-piece nester he paddled on the morning rows.

Brian Cooper's ongoing skills demonstration this year involved making a spare set of oars for his new fabric-on-frame Whitehall rowing boat as well as shaping spars for a future sail rig. Brian also ably led our morning rows from his new Whitehall rowing boat, giving his usual beautiful strip-planked sea kayak a rest.



Brian Cooper rounding a spar for his new fabric-on-frame Whitehall.

Pete Peters joined us this year from the Delaware River TSCA to lead us in making traditional rope fenders as well as lending his lilting tin whistle to after dinner music sessions. Pete carefully prepared starter sets of lines to weave the rope fenders, showed us how and then patiently corrected our continuing twists and turns as we made miniature fenders, "teach a man how to fish and he can make his own full sized fender" (or something like that).

Clay Seelgen came all the way up from the Florida Gulf Coast TSCA to kick off the weekend with a presentation on underwater foils, our daggerboards and rudders, not the

# JGTSCA

## John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association

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Association**

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National: [www.TSCA.net](http://www.TSCA.net)

We invite you to attend  
one of our meetings, go for a row,  
or get involved with our next  
boatbuilding project.

## The 2018 John Gardner Small Craft Workshop Report

By Bill Rutherford

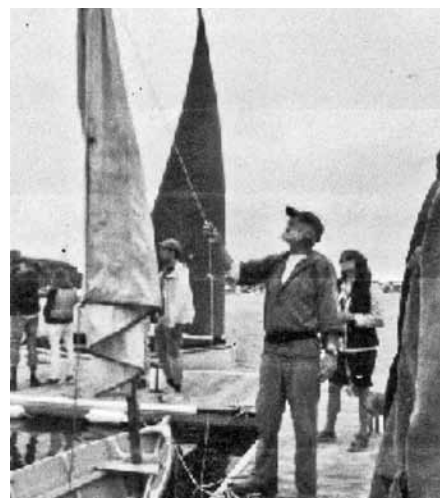


Pete Peters calling all to knot tying with the moan of a conch shell.

ones under the latest America's Cup boats. Clay professed not being acquainted with the mathematics of NACA foils but the end result of his practical approach appeared very close to theory. He further shared how he reinforced his blades with carbon fiber, making them amazingly stiff. Then, through explanations of how stiffness and shape assist windward ability, he entertained us with some real life sea stories of increased pointing ability and speed.

At the other end of the weekend, early Sunday afternoon Ben Fuller gave us an in-depth presentation on the sprit rig and how to rig it for easy, effective use. He brought out the peak spritsail rig for the Seaport Boat-house's Culler Good Little Skiff, laid it out on the float adjacent to the boat and proceeded to

rig brailing lines, downhauls, halyard keepers and the like, all the while explaining the history and use of the rig. This all was very helpful as more of us are now using the rig and the building and sailing of a Good Little Skiff is planned by our local chapter.

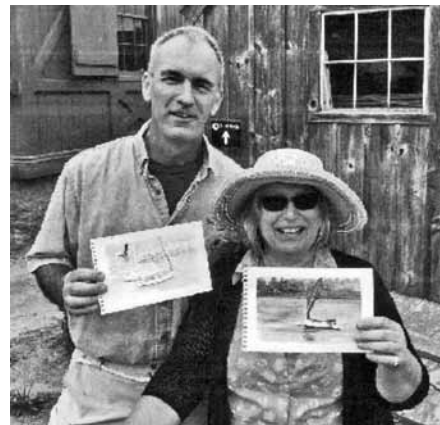


Ben Fuller rigged and then demonstrated a spritsail brailing line.

The real surprise occurred late afternoon Sunday, after Ben had left for his popular hands-on tour of the originals in the Small Craft Hall, always a fun time as he recalls the where and when of personally collecting many of the small craft. The surprise was the immediate success of Capt Suz's sketch and watercolor class. Who knew we had so many amateur and professional artists in our group? Or, for that matter, the passing showgoers?

Captain Suzan Wallace traveled all the way from the North Carolina Maritime Museum in Beaufort, where she specializes in bringing art, both nautical and fine art, out on the water in boats both large and small. Suzan and her able assistant, Nancy Mendes, set up an easel, started drawing and painting and drew an instant crowd. They had prepped and ready watercolor paper on small boards ready for participants to start sketching and water coloring. Folks kept hanging around until closing time asking questions and working on their art. This activity dovetailed nicely with our JGTSCA President, Dane Rochelle's, concept of branching out TSCA activities to include arts and skills other than just the building and using of boats.

Dane Rochelle and Captain Suz (Suzan Wallace) compare watercolor sketches after her plain air class.



All too soon it was time for Phil Behney and crew to come take the JGTSCA dories and modified Herreshoff rowing boat, the *Susan Holland*, on down the river to their Mystic Shipyard-East home. Participant boats started to melt away as Steamboat *Sabino's* 5:30 whistle blew as she backed out on her last daily run. Tents folded and we started planning next year's Workshop.

Add us to your calendars, come and see what new things we will try.

A special thanks to *WoodenBoat* for sponsoring the Seaport Livery's small craft for the weekend, to Shannon McKenzie and Sarah Clement of Mystic Seaport who worked tirelessly behind the scenes and to all the volunteers who staffed our booth, shared stories and most importantly their boats to make this Workshop such a success.



Saturday morning row participants at the I-95 Bridge, not shown are Bill Sterling in his Peapod and Pete Peters in his Delaware Ducker who made it all the way to the head of the Mighty Mystic.



The *Susan B. Holland* Thursday evening in the shadow of *Dragan Harald Harfagre* as *B Cat Silent Maid* ghosts up the river.

Boats gather Friday afternoon at Australia Beach Docks.



Sunday morning downriver rowers ashore at Mason's Island.

Late afternoon activity at the Beach.






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# Misadventure in Los Angeles

A tale of inexperienced youths from the Midwest who "buy" an ocean-cruiser moored in Lotus-land and learn about boats.

By Jeff Potter

One thing led to another and I got in over my head. There were chances of escape along the way, and at times I thought I was out, but The Boat kept coming back.

My uncle Tim had a 30-foot wood cruising sailboat that represented to me, to my imagination as I hadn't seen it, a Shangri-La of adventure. When I first heard of it, I didn't know what a boat was. I was 20 and I knew only that an unusual relative possessed a some sort of key to freedom in an unknown, far away land.

But I did pursue the adventure as far as I could for a partly employed person in Michigan. And at age 22, some pals and I fell into the ways of hunkering and scheming. How were we make our way boldly into the world, we wondered? I then learned the news that my uncle's boat was being neglected, in need of repair and slip fees. I approached him tentatively, inquiring as to his willingness to consider my pals and I as his loyal servants aboard his stately vessel, if he let us but taste fresh sea breezes and pay the slip fees for him.

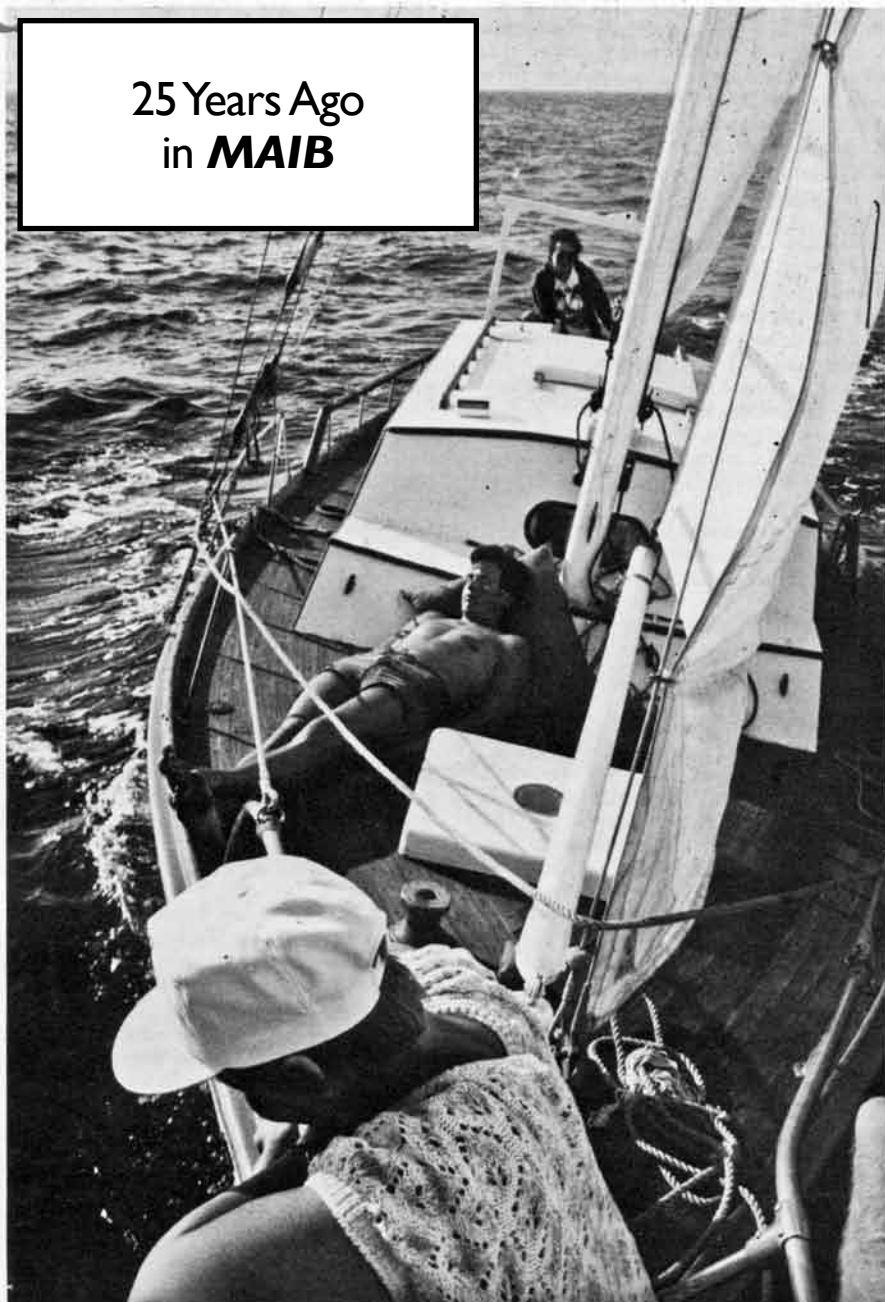
My uncle knew he had live ones on his hands and that, in order to set the hook properly, he'd have to stay calm. He said maybe. I tried recruiting every pal I had with emergency tales of South Seas and Musketeers. No luck.

But before I quit I had to see for myself this unseen thing my heart had been pulling at me so strangely about. So I headed out to LA. The vessel was resting in Marina del Rey, home of the stars. I parked my Rabbit daily behind a Rolls on the quay. I thought let's whip this pup up the coast to some more affordable hideaway. But I sensed my uncle was unconvinced as to the likelihood of my ever finding the right crew.

Since one pal was actually "on his way out" at the time, in a show of good faith, I proudly popped a \$1000 check on Unc. All I had. And a telltale sign of my desire to become involved with this boat no matter how abandoned I, too, became. For that was promptly my condition. And the money disappeared into the rent-hole faster than I wrote it out. It also served to put future responsibility for the boat in my lap, despite my distant residence.

So my two uncles, Tim and his brother Kent, and I decided to take my new boat, "Stampede", out for a day sail. After a nervous and thrilling half-hour sail to the breakwater on this glorious sunny day,

25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**



At sea on one of the carefree daysails.

I thought, "Yes, indeed, sailing's the ticket!" It was my first time aboard a real boat. We rounded the breakwater. Ahh, climbing the swells, a beautiful motion. South Seas, here I come! I could hardly control myself. The whole scene seemed so right. Ten minutes later I'm puking over the side, wishing I was dead, astonished at the lack of reason for life, startled to realize the obvious mercy of God for striking people dead when he did. He did it to spare them the misery of living a second longer. "It's OK with me if we head back in," I said. I agree, voyaging isn't for everyone. Life on land is the most beautiful thing possible; we'll stick to land and have our fun there.

After we sailed back behind the breakwater, the sickness went away, but fatigue stayed, as did humility. I felt like a man coming out the other side of mid-life crisis. Little did I know how often I was to

get this feeling in the coming few years. The uncles didn't rub it in. They let me conclude that abandoning this project and cutting all our losses was the best thing. I presume they were nervous about it all as well. We'd just give the boat to the Boy Scouts. They silently let me learn my lesson. All the long distance hassles, all the expense...Whew! Boy, I'm lucky I wised up; what's a thousand dollars anyway? Voyaging? Hoo, that's a very scary thing in reality. But there was also a vibration in the air I didn't hardly notice, one involving the uncles intentionally taking me out, getting me sick, and gladly letting me drop the monkey business and quit the quest.

But they misjudged the curve. Once the bug bites you never know how far you'll go. I still don't.

A few days later, friends came to visit me while I stayed at my uncle's. The size



and shape of that visit lingers pleasantly with me still. Twin sisters, like family to me, cruised the broad sunny boulevards with me at the helm of a convertible for a couple days. A friend, noting I had no car and that the visitors were L.A. newcomers, and blonde twins, loaned me his long, red Buick rag-top. Then we went for a sail. Without anyone else knowing. My only time aboard since the puke-fest. Did I remember how to operate it from watching unc? Have to look competent. Don't forget a Dramamine. I still can't believe I got that 3-ton slow-turning honey out and back into its narrow slip without destruction that first time. I know, though, that I felt like Rocky when I gently, and completely luckily, nudged her home.

Later that week I let casually drop to the uncs that I'd taken the girls out sailing. They looked at each other, raised eyebrows. Touche'

But she remained in crisis. The next summer I finally found pals who were willing to adventure. Praise be! All for one and one for all, Joel, Mike and I grabbed the money we had, loaded the Rabbit and headed to L.A. from our temporary lodgings in Ski Bum, Colorado. The fact that I was on crutches from a broken leg didn't seem a serious impediment, curious, in hindsight.

We arrived, paid the back rent once again, accepted the Hoseannas of friends of my uncle who'd been supporting The Folly since the previous summer, and moved aboard. Illegal, but technically we were working 'round the dock to prep for a prompt sale, which brought forbearance from the management.

I'd never really looked at ole "Stampede" before. And I'd finally read up on boats. Now I saw how quirky she was. She was clearly a homebuilt gaff-rigged cutter made of plywood on store-bought oak; teak deck, 26' on the water, 29' on the deck, with a walkable sprit. She had a huge cockpit with a solid, rather quirky banister around it, a beautiful wheel, standing headroom, hard chines, 9-foot beam with a beamy stern, low freeboard except for up

front where her bow curved skyward, roomy foredeck and side decks. She had a modest full-length keel, but quite a cabin sticking up. She even had ratlines going up the shrouds! Long, high boom, modest mast, few sails. A definite two-by-four look to her. Yet she still had salt. Damn, she did. And even though she always looked a bit funny, every day people craned their heads to see her, and they never seemed to be scoffing (though we were a bit self-conscious aboard her at times. I couldn't help sense a cartoonish portion to her look). Fancy boat people would even invite us over for drinks and comment on her fine looks. So our pride grew.

We coasted on our bikes through marina after marina, scoping the other craft for 'rasta' cruisiness; and we confirmed how funky we did look in comparison. The only boat that rivaled us was this amazing plain old wood-and-hemp 25' junk, both she and her young, inexperienced owner seemed to have a glint in their eyes. Our boat was clearly one of the few that looked like it might actually head for somewhere. Of course, sinking outside the breakwater was also a strong part of its look.

We took "Stampede" out for a sail. And became stranded as the light So-Cal breezes died on us. Then our motor developed "A Problem". We paddled with little oars, with our hands, too, as I embarrassingly recall.

We soon became the feared boat of the marina. People worried when we cast off lines even for the briefest of jaunts. People really worried when we came back making dangerously slow turns into, first, our narrow waterway, then narrower jetty opening, then even narrower slip slot. Our bowsprit swung over cockpit dinner parties as pleasant people raised their arms in fear. These were our salad days. (And, yes, we did have one little collision....)

Speaking of salad, after our first sail, we decided we had drag below. Spent a few days upside down underwater in the oily

lagoon scraping the hull free of hundreds of pounds of moss and shell-fish. For awhile we had a strange new respect for Olympic sailors. Hmmm, what patient fellows they must be, funny how it looks like they're going so fast. Very tricky, we decided. We honed our skills....And finally also cleaned our hull. We were delighted to hear water rushing past rather than a mossy forest sound.

The next day-sail none of us could stop smiling. We pointed her out and refused to turn her back. Out of sight of land for the first time! Fresh breezes kicked up and steadied for the first time. This was sailing! Mexico was just 100 miles south. We looked at each other, shit-eating grins. "You want to just go for it? Everything's here!" We saw flying fish and sailed over some off-shore drop-off where the sea became indigo instead of green. The sun flashed. The spray flew.

We felt lucky to be alive. Strolling her teak decks made us feel like masters on a clipper ship. We also napped steadily, as all of us with great reliability gulped Dramamine. We sprawled against big pillows on the foredeck and in the roomy cockpit. We had a ship of plenty. And a new Bigger-Than-Life life.

At sea that day vistas opened up that we thought only existed in movies. Ships and freighters took on such a sharp hugeness as we sailed close by. The smog was down. We even saw the mountains behind L.A. The salt air was truly, idiotically, like a tonic. We looked at each other and had to slap ourselves to believe we were really doing it. Arrrr! Maties! We finally felt our priorities settling into order for once in life.

Our ship came to us with a huge stash of spare parts and gizmos. We knew nothing about them. It all looked like trash, but each gadget, we discovered in amazement, actually worked and had a definite purpose despite its homemade look. There was a self-steering apparatus made of surgical tubing, lead lines, special camp-stove rigs, engine repair jigs, stuffing box stuffers, who knows what all? We also learned that the ethic of ship-shape and everything in its place is a beautiful one indeed, and began to follow it strictly.

Over the next week, we deduced what was needed in the way of repairs. Elmer's glue and silicone seal was used a bit, but we knew there was no future in that. We tried to fix things properly. But the Atomic 4 engine fully baffled us. Even so, she was so sweet and easy to work on that we couldn't hold a grudge. When she ran, she gave our boat real power and had a deep, gentle pulse. Of course, we wouldn't have needed it if it at all if weren't for the light airs of So-Cal. (These should be abbreviated LASC, or something.)

By God, we swore, if our boat was somewhere else, we'd really go! Our heavy boat was brilliantly built for the sort of windy waters that obviously weren't here.

In the meantime, we looked about ourselves. We rode our bikes far and wide, we hit museums and discovered the cafes and best bars of a half dozen districts. We decided to really step out once and bought snappy suits from a thrift shop for an evening at a 'hot' nightclub.

We lounged away warm evenings in the gentle rocking of the boat, reading



Layout belowdecks was as homey as any home I've ever known.



Joel Brockmyr (standing) and Mike Rickmers clearing the forest away from the hull the amateur way in seemingly murky Marina Del Rey.



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lights glowing, oh-so-pleasant music coming from our little Walkman with throwaway pop-on speaker. Lights reflecting across the harbor. Car alarms going off. Halyards slapping lazily all around. Happy hour feeds when we needed a change. For us this was all new, and far more than we could want.

Well, there was the question of our voyage. For the past month we'd been learning a lot about sailing. Like how utterly helpless we became when the wind died and the motor failed. We finally lost Joel to dread depression.

Within the day Mike and I realized we needed to act or forever hold our peace. The rent ran out, engine or no engine. We killed both birds by weighing anchor and heading south to cheaper waters with my unc Tim aboard. As we took our seaward tack, Tim hunkered down to repairing the engine as only he could.

I'd parsed out a plan at the pay phone whereby we'd haul out in the cheapest boatyard around. The nearest ways were 50 miles to the south. We'd never sailed that far. As we rounded the big headland to reach for Long Beach, the breeze died. Tim tightened the last bolts of the refurbished carburetor and started the engine. Perfect. We motored into the evening. And arrived in a new world in L.A. Harbor.

We were big-eyed in the night as we slipped through a world of skyscraping cranes and freighters. Sounds of metal scrap sliding down troughs floated tinkling and strangely to our ears. Lights of the city on the water. Mercury lights glowing as we drift by the civilized portion, the Shops at San Pedro. Restaurants, latino music, nite fishing charters backing out full of guys, the bright lights of a permanently moored dinerspot/passengerliner, couples dancing on the verandah deck, waving down at us. We chugged under the high bridges, blinking in awe.

We feel like the patrol boat in Apocalypse Now. Fresh breezes ruffle our hair as we enter this dirty hard-working new world. Rugged craft jam the unkempt docks of little, squeezed-in marinas everywhere there's not a freighter. We finally find our watery address, tie up and kick back. By God, we did it!

Will the low rent debauch ever end? Find out in the next chapter! Coming soon: "Twilight Zone in an Old Wooden Boat".

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Crusty "Stampede" on the ways, showing detail of our hilarious temporary repair straps to hold the rudder together on 50-mile sail to the haul-out.

We join our inexperienced crew, Mike and Jeff, after they bring their quirky old 30-foot plywood gaff-rigged cutter, "Stampede", to the scenic port of Los Angeles. They started their adventure in sumptuous Marina Del Rey where the boat had been soaking for ten years. The boat was on the verge of being scrapped. It was theirs free for the taking, like all those free-boat ads you see in "MAIB"...and also for the taking over of all bills, debts, responsibility. Were they up to the job?

Such marina luxury was not for long. After two months of bicycle errands and repairs, Mike, Jeff and Uncle Tim sail the fully-equipped 60's style (hemp lines and all) full-keel ocean cruiser to cheaper climes for further repairs. The 50-mile move is their longest voyage. It ends with the thankful hands entering a lunar new world right out of "Bladerunner". Oil rigs, kleig lights, cracking stations, junkyards, scenes from movies popping up everywhere, places where they take you to be killed. The horizon is filled with million-ton 300-foot-high bright red cranes pilfered from the Kaiser, aerial freeways over waterways and trinket malls lining the swankier parts of the port. All this topped with noxious fumes mixed with salt air fumes that, over time, bizarrely take on a smell of security and comfort (albeit along survivalist lines) for the Boys. All these things make for a new and exciting home-sweet-home. We return to their tale....

For the next nine days Mike and I work on the boat. We work in the busy, rugged yard of an Italian ship-chandler and his four sons. We work among owners, old salts, bums, and many, many latino hired hands. A big family. We thought we might get out in a couple days. Wrong. We knew nothing. And discovered that everyone you ask tells you something different when it comes to boat repairs. We tried to act savvy, chewing over the sage advice we were given by everyone.

The panic of our first day had every local declaring his own solution, in his own language. The way to success gradually dawned on us. We asked specific ques-

tions, decided for ourselves and went to it. Once we acquired this "Wise Technique of the Experts" we got grunted approval. Such was the "Way of the Boatyard".

The boat needed hull repair and bottom painting, a rebuilt rudder, some new keel bolts and seam reglazing. No problem. Where there's beer and sandpaper, there's a way!

We rode our bikes after work to excellent, cheap Angeleno restaurants where we were guitar serenaded over sun-burnt margaritas. No English speakers in sight. We felt we were accomplishing something every night as we climbed our stepladder 9' up to the cockpit, and fell asleep with sooty dew spotting our sleeping bags. So weird to wake up to the sound of jackhammers and look up to see you're ten feet over a boatyard. A quarter-mile through the open air away from a freighter and six huge cranes.

But, God, what a bill! It took all I had, of course. We then discovered that an extremely cheap berth was opening just a hundred yards down from the boatyard. What luck! We later realized we were moving into the lives of a bunch of alky bums and their \$300 floating homes, homes they gambled away with frequency.

What a life. Mike and I grooved hard on all its vibes. We kept a decent boat bar, a sufficiency of groceries for the most part, a daily newspaper and breakfast at a little joint at the remote end of the marina.

But Mike and I went our separate ways shortly before the real maiden voyage of our rebuilt boat. He actually stayed ashore that so-important weekend. For the life of me I honestly still don't know why he didn't go. Did he think we'd sink?

So I embarked with my neighbor, a pudgy, loud guy who volunteered, and then brought aboard three cases of Burgie Beer. I was nervous, about the vast amount of beer, and the neighbor, and with good reason. The rule of the area was to be friendly to everyone, but trust no one. Too many cops beating on boat decks with billy clubs. But the trip turned out to be magnificent. We sailed faster than ever before,

## Twilight Zone on an Old Wooden Boat

Conclusion of "Misadventure in Los Angeles"

By Jeff Potter

with stout breezes all the way to Catalina Island (averaging 5 knots). We finally sailed somewhere exotic. And I finally got to steer into an unknown crowded anchorage at night. Yes! We even took a water taxi!

My pal, John, with fifteen beers in him proved a boon companion, indeed, if a little too boon. He was rolly-poly and had a huge mane of curly hair with a mustache. He paddled about the boat with bear-like bare feet, admiring it. He saw its rugged capability. Why, if it weren't for his whatever-it-was, his troubles, he would be sailing for the South Seas right now....

After a night of debauch, bankruptcy and arguing with strangers about billiards, bets and dames, I went back to the boat. John returned at 4 a.m. by way of swimming since he wanted to stay out and had no money. I was sleeping in the cockpit when he heaved like a seal up over the rail, shaking wet, totally drunk, and boomed "Christ! My cigarettes are wet!"

We were faced the next morning, penniless, with the question of getting to shore, a quarter-mile away. We had no dinghy or raft. Obviously, John said, with me scarcely believing he was still alive, we get all the lines, tie them together, then tie the end to his leaky surf-ski we brought over. One guy paddles ashore, the guy on the boat pulls the surf-ski the quarter-mile back. It worked of course.

I actually had \$1.15 which I had kept from the demands of alcohol the night before and declared my low intention of getting a meager breakfast, though John would have none. Not nice, but look at him, he wasn't nice, either. Meager breakfast, my ass, said John and off he went. I sat down for my tiny plate of hash-browns. Ten minutes later John returns, "Here's money, now let's go get steak and eggs!" He'd pestered bartenders 'til he found one who'd give him a loan and came back to me who'd abandoned him and bought us a huge round of chow.

John had brought fins over to the island. He gave me one and we hopped into the harbor water. I saw many things new to



me under there. Brilliant turquoise vistas flowing away entirely across the harbor. Flights of red, orange, green fish. How much more could one newcomer to sailing take? I noticed an old bent-up one-speed bike on the bottom. Then saw John motioning that I help him recover it. A true-blue scavenger!

After a bit of shore rest, I returned to the water, gingerly crabbing my way through the rocks of the surf. I said "C'mon, John, creep through this way, it's easy." He stood up, all blubber, on a big rock near shore, staring into the surf. "Naw," he said, looking into the surf, "that's too easy." Timing himself with the arrival of a wave, he, "Hey, wait," I blurted, "you can't do..." dove into what used to be six inches of water over sharp rocks, with a belly-flop most useful, and came frog-kicking out to me. It was the noblest move I'd seen in a long time.

We then had another great sail back to the harbor where I regaled Mike with the weekend's tales.

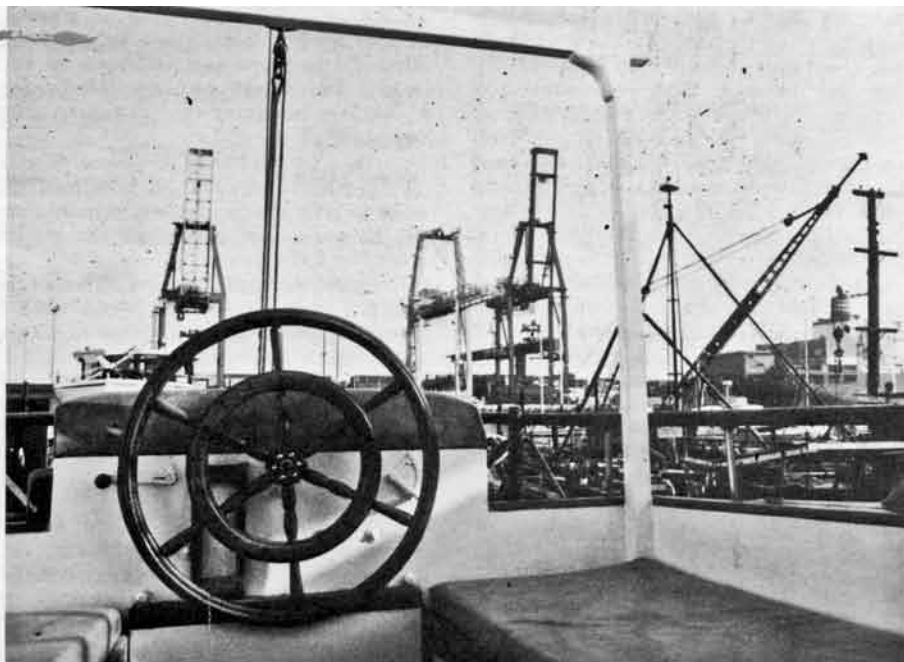
But back to this issue of nobility, of the special spark of water people. Back when the boat was on the ways, we had encountered an old widow in jeans who had a couple of kids our age. She asked what we were up to and immediately I knew something was special about her. All weathered and old, she still had a twinkle in her eye. But her kids whined, and their boat was primitive and dumpy. Later, she told me her story. About how she and her husband sailed in that same boat to New Zealand in the 1950's. About how she and he dove and salvaged to earn their way. How she gave birth to her son on that boat. How he was raised in the South Pacific, the same kid who was now complaining, and how when they had a daughter they sailed for home. How the boat caught fire in the middle of the ocean and they began to row away from it in their dinghy, man, wife and two babies. And how it then rained, and their boat was saved. That's the kind of 'something extra' I mean.

But work was pressing from my regular book production job. Soon I had to leave L.A. to return to Colorado where my "real" home supposedly now was. Mike, too. But the boat was finally safe.

I returned that winter for a trade show. What a funny thing it is to live a dual marina lifestyle. Staying on the musty little boat, emerging each morning in coat and tie to the hung-over teasings of my neighbors, and catching the bus into Long Beach. The best thing is flying out of winter, then waking up with a palm tree a hundred yards off, flowers on the jetty, hal-yards slapping and the sounds of wind, water and boat-traffic!

I returned again a half-year later for another convention. This time I stayed to finish the job. It was exciting to be a broken wing-nut in the mountains with a fully equipped ocean cruising yacht in L.A. But it was too much. No real partner on the horizon. How can you find a seafarer in the Rocky Mountains? Time to sell.

I'd learned a few things, though. The big lesson was that if you wanted to sail, go look for any of a million boat-owners who need help sailing. If you want the peculiar feel of ownership, buy a boat. You might not ever sail, though.



View from the hi-rise bedroom during haulout.

Another lesson: Price means nothing in the world of boats and timing is everything. Depending on the ever-evolving desperation of the owner, any size and type of boat can be purchased for as little as \$1000. Step two: However much money you possess, it will be spent on that boat. You will be broke. But in your mind, it'll be for a mighty, bold cause.

It's hilarious to hear crazy boat talk from otherwise intelligent people. A well trained physician once told me enthusiastically of a 70-foot motor-sailer that he could buy for a mere \$12,000! Lord, I thought, people really do fall down these holes, don't they. I asked my pal if he had \$20,000 spare change yearly from now until eternity. I also predicted, with a tired,

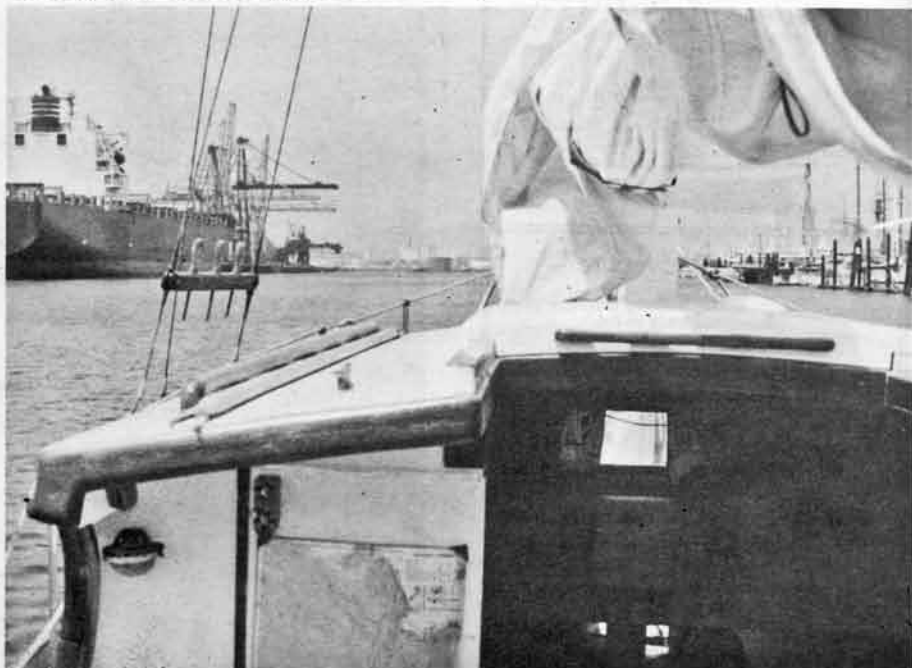
sage tone, that that vessel could be had, at some point within three months, for \$1000. But he'd still need to supply the yearly treasure chest. Oh.

So I ran want-ads. And came close to bankruptcy from ad fees. That's how it works. Any one factor can about do you in, now add them all up.

I nearly went bonkers from the want-ad wild goose chases. I learned to ferret out sincerity. No, that wouldn't narrow it down enough. I looked for intention to buy now, and spiked the rest. Sorry, bye.

I'd been making little sailing forays in the meantime. I invited pals and new-lymet acquaintances aboard for evening cocktail cruises. Let me tell you, not too many members of my bottom caste can do

Heading out for a solo daysail, LA Harbor style.



this. We did. We barbequed giant shrimp neighbors had dropped off whole, in buckets. Quiet music, thrift shop wine glasses. Strolling the deck. God, you could stroll my deck. I could leave the big, carved wheel, engine rumbling away, and stroll on forward with other folks and stand and chat and scarcely hear the engine. So we'd glide through the skyscraper-high bridge-bright lights-lonely nights. Heaven.

Other times I'd go out alone in the day even if the engine wasn't working. I'd just line the backward drifting boat through my neighbor's sterns, then quietly kicking off and hopping onto the bow pulpit. Not too many other people did that. I guess they were sensible. But I'd head out to sea and meet the spanking breezes and feel like I could go on forever. I might cross paths with another single-hander, him aboard his \$100,000-yacht, waves of equality. I'd set a course, the boat flying on a reach, heeling solidly. God, it was like a house afloat. I'd go below and cook up soup, just to do it. I'd look out my curtains and notice a leaning, shimmering lighthouse. Hot damn.

Then I'd head back in, maybe glide on in effortlessly, maybe get becalmed and scull in with my huge newly acquired oar, maybe get a tow, maybe almost get run over.

Once, we went out for a midnight debauch. I took her, and the friends aboard, past the glow of all lights. That was a fun angle for visitors and me alike, get to pitch black then turn around. Phosphorescence lit everything into that unbelievable Peter Pan glow. The guys didn't believe me when I told them the glow would happen, so I'd take them out where it was totally dark, then they could see the sea's own light. Warm beauty. Boozing it up. Time to head back. That was always fun, even if we sometimes got scares from coming too close to huge buoys we missed seeing from behind the sail, or came too close to big ships, or got wildly rocked by big bow waves. One guy nearly fell from wildly swaying spreaders

once; he hung dangling in his coat and tie; I forgot he was up there while I made sure we were safely passed by a trawler. It was a world full of overwhelming things for all of us.

But no one was buying and I was getting weary. The asking price for my boat bottomed out. No \$1000 anymore, \$500 takes all.

In the next empty weeks, however, the boat worked its perverse magic on me all over again. I had more "house-at-sea" sails. The price climbed back with my morale. A new-found friend and I overhauled then finally fixed the engine for good. It was a simple, tiny short (all that pain!). Hey, she was almost good as new now. Maybe I should keep her!

I met more wondrous sailors. Savvy, wacky Viet vets. Friendly potential boat buyers who came by. Everything on the boat started working perfectly. The people were charmed, enchanted. The boat was spreading its vibes. They finally caught a winner at \$5000. From a world of knife-fights and boozy thefts, I demanded cash and unhesitatingly followed my puzzled suburban buyer to his bank. The big roll felt good.

It was time to head home. The elemental life was getting to me. Like driving a motorcycle across the country without a helmet or windshield, then finding out you have to turn around and drive back. Too much fresh air. On the way to the airport, I forgot to drop off at the boat the two outboard motors that were stashed at my uncle's. Then I lost my ticket. Right there, on the carpet, in the aisle, after the metal detector. My lip starts to quiver. Shouting gets me nowhere with the attendants, my plane leaves with my luggage.

Next cheap flight away from the land of palm trees is at 5 a.m. Arrgh! Next flight possible: Ten minutes. For three times as much. I pull out the roll, peel off bills. Run. Arrive in Denver. No chance to alert friend as to the change, so she'd just left. It's now midnight and I'm on the last bus to Boulder. Heavy duffle-carry up the

hill. A light dusting of snow. Crisp, clean air. Starting to feel better already. Home. Tired. How tired can a person get?

A good long ride, though. The five grand disappeared in two days from paying the bills. But I was missing ole "Stampede" already.

(Jeff Potter publishes a magazine called "Out Your Backdoor" which originally ran this story. It's a free-spirited mag about real-world culture and adventure, blended with how-to and literary reviews. It also covers a lot in the way of boats and bicycles as well as interesting cars (Citroens and such) and about anything else in the hard-to-find, high-quality, creative but affordable category. A 4-issue sub costs \$8. Write to: 4686 Meridian Rd., Williamston, MI 48895.)



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Sailing back from Catalina, "Stampede" holds her line with no hand on the wheel.



Until my teen years I had never been on a sailboat, only rowboats. I was asked to crew for a man who raced Comet sailboats (16' main and jib) out of the Washington, DC channel onto the Potomac River. Sure I would go and do whatever a crew did. It turned out that a crew member always took orders from the captain. After helping him to rig the boat we sailed off quickly to begin racing.

It really was a thrill for me to be underway briskly with only the sound of the boat meeting the water with no physical effort on our part. It was like magic to me and a real thrill. Even now some 65 years later I still experience the same when I sail off from the dock.

Two summers after that first sailing experience I worked as a camp counselor at a sleep away camp in the Adirondacks on Schroon Lake, which had a fleet of Sailfish sailboats (12' single triangular lateen sail). I learned the fundamentals of sailing those summers. What an exhilaration to plane the boat across the water. It was like having a waterborne sports car.

During the school year after that I would hang around the Washington, DC sailing marina on weekends to crew for anyone who would take me. I became a regular crew for a Mr Phil Klass, avionics editor for the *Aviation Week* magazine. I would captain the boat (handle the sails and rudder) on his sailboat (16' Pearson, main and jib and cuddy cabin) while he would interview people for his magazine.

I remember one time he had a large Russian man onboard. Phil told him that this boat was equipped with a new miniature ICBM that fired out of the mast. It took a few seconds of looking before the Russian realized that it was a joke and he gave out a hearty laugh.

I really wanted my own boat and it was time. On the marina bulletin board there was an Interclub sailboat listed which purchased (12' single sail, cold molded hull). That boat

## Sailing into Older Age

By Marshall Katz



spent many pleasant years on the Potomac day sailing.

After that I had an idea that a cruising boat should be my next step. So I sold the Interclub sailboat and purchased an English 22' Westerly Nomad (main and jib, standing headroom, enclosed head). It turned out that over the years that I owned her most of my sailing was still day sailing in the Potomac. Now with a wife and daughter and a house all needing care and attention, the Westerly became an unneeded care and expense.

I sold her, but now having a home with a basement workshop I had a place to build a boat. My first project was a two piece row/sail boat (9' designed by Danny Green). I was then a member of the Alexandria Seaport Foundation and the director, Joe Youcha, looked at my finished boat and assured me that my next builds should come out less lumpy, which they did.

My next basement project was a Jim Thayer design Wee Punkin (8' single sail, lapstrake construction). Now here was a pretty little boat that Mr Thayer said was a great boat for kids if they could get it away from their parents. I built this boat about 20 years ago and still love to take her out in the water for a sail. To me she is like an 8' Beetle Cat with a pram bow. She will plane too without too much jumping about or hanging overboard. To paraphrase an old saying about sitting alone on a pumpkin, "I'd rather be sailing alone on my Wee Punkin sailboat than to be crowded on a fancy yacht."

I found that there was a letdown for me when my basement project was finished so I found my next project from an ad in *MAIB*. Dr Hans Waecker had a set of Marc Barto

plans for a Melon Seed that he was not going to be able to get to. Dr Waecker was a master builder and had many beautiful boats he had built. So I built the Melon Seed *Judith Rose* in my basement shop. After she was complete I sent a picture of her under sail to Dr Waecker and received a graceful response from him.

The Melon Seed sails so smoothly on the water and gives the same feeling that a Cadillac gives on the road so I thought, here is a boat that I can sail as I get older. It turned out, though, that I had trouble rigging the boat so I reluctantly sold her to Mr Jim Brown, who made some very nice upgrades to her (oarlocks, etc). He, in turn, sold her to someone in New England where I hope she is giving joy.

The next build in my shop was not really mine. My 11-year-old nephew Boy Scout wanted to build a kayak for a merit badge project. We chose the Litte Dubber kayak designed by Peter Hunt (6', 25lbs with rudder). The kayak is made with two 4'x8' sheets of 1/8" Home Depot plywood and a good deal of epoxy. The kid did all the measuring and supervised sawing with his father and I added some muscle.

That little kayak turned out so well that after he took her proudly out of my shop I sent for another set of plans and built one for myself. I still love to take her from the top of my car and pop her into a nearby body of water to this day. A really fun and easy way to enjoy some time on the water.

Now I found at Duckworks boat plans a nifty design for a small not pocket cruiser but a smaller watch pocket cruiser, the Ocean Explorer. This design is a Puddle Duck 4'x8' boat designed by Michael Storer and redesigned with a cabin with a sliding hatch by Mr Perttu Korhonen of Denmark. The cabin has sleeping room for one and has portlights all around. Not the prettiest boat you have ever seen but kind of neat looking. By the way, despite the name Ocean Explorer, this boat should only be sailed on lakes and rivers and nowhere near the ocean.


She was an easy build but quite a problem to remove from my basement shop. Maybe giving birth to the outside world is difficult.

This little boat sails very well with one onboard because of its Puddle Duck roots. I can sail off for a time, anchor in a nice spot, put on the canopy, have lunch and then open the hatch and go below for a laydown. After that maybe some fishing. Then I can stow everything, hoist the sail, weigh anchor and sail back to the marina. A relaxing day on the water.

Now I am sure that we all would like to keep on boating as long as we can, but it doesn't take much to screw things up. Stepping off the curb wrong or slipping in the bathtub can curtail being active. Even now my mind thinks I'm still 20 but my body tells a different story. Anyway, as long as my doctor says if I'm careful I can keep on boating I want to keep at it. We all know that life is a terminal thing and for sure the big kahuna is not going to make an exception in my case.

So now when I'm out in my kayak or sailboat I savor the experience and am thankful I can do this one more time. If something should happen out on the water it could rightfully be said that I stopped living while I was still living. I recommend reading or re-reading the March 2017 issue of *MAIB* of the cruise of Mr Winslow Maxwell.

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# I Like It Here

By Johnny Mack

Some vandal targeted my boat and painted the jaws of a big scary monster on her! I am trying to find that miscreant as I fear that work will terrify small children and he needs to be stopped.

Against my better judgment I took her out with her new paint job anyway. I just cruised around the ICW, enjoyed the nice day and stopped in Beaufort for sustenance and refreshment. She can hit the low 30s but I normally cruise under 20. That big motor can push her faster than I care to go but is very quiet at mid range where I am most comfortable. The fuel use almost seems better than my 25 on my *Bludgeon*. I think that's because I may have opened up that configuration a wee bit more.

I dislike the operators of the big sport fishermen boats that kick up 4' wakes with no regard. I actually thought of ways to serve revenge on them but then I figure they get theirs at the pump. Me? The submarine sandwich I oft bring along for a picnic costs more than my gas bill. They say fuel expense doesn't bother them but I've seen the dour look on their faces when they are at the pump and I don't know about that.

Initially I really didn't appreciate my motor as I got terrible buyer's remorse and was thinking I should have just hung the 25 on her and made do, until I cruised across the harbor inlet against an outgoing tide and wind. The 25 would have done it but the 50 inspired confidence where the smaller motor maybe not so much!

Here is a picture of the boat ramp that is a mile and a half from my house. I could throw a snowball from the ramp to the waterfront area in Morehead City if I could find one laying about. This picture was taken at 11am on Tuesday, July 3 on a beautiful day, maybe two hours past high tide. It fills up on weekends but it is pretty sweet and I have yet to wait even one minute if I go on a weekday, even the day before the 4th of July!

I like it here but don't tell anybody how nice it is. We don't want the secret to get out!



### White Fleet

Carnival *Miracle* was stuck in Tampa for two days due to "necessary maintenance," thus aggravating many passengers who would miss two stops that included Belize and Honduras. Carnival, always easy with the checkbook, gave them all a \$200 onboard credit and a refund prorated for the two days.

Norwegian Cruise Lines is tossing out some \$300 in onboard coupons to attract customers for their Scandinavian cruises. The typical jaunt includes Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, St Petersburg, Tallinn and Berlin. *Norwegian Breakaway* will take you on this trip for about \$2,000 per person. Interestingly, there is no stop in Norway. Even more perplexing, of all their advertised voyages, none hit Oslo.

Royal Caribbean has purchased two-thirds of the Silver Seas Cruise Line. Of course, both companies immediately exuded paroxysms of jubilation and fervent joy, spewing forth histrionic levels of predication that this merger would provide incredible opportunities for travelers while creating exponential numbers of new jobs and generating untold wealth to stockholders. The cost of this adventure is around \$2 billion.

Lindblad Expedition Holdings announced an increase of revenues for the first quarter of 2018 to \$82.4 million, an increase of approximately 31% from the same period in 2017. This is due in no small part to a "National Geographic Quest."

Royal Caribbean's *Mariner of the Seas* is now ported in Miami where it shall be berthed for three and four-night cruises. The company is trying to attract millennials who seem to desire shorter and more exciting offerings. Royal Caribbean spent \$120 million jazzing up the ship with gravity defying bungee trampolines and virtual reality, three story waterslides, glow in the dark laser battles and other high intensity games will be the norm.

### Merchant Fleet

Algerian Coast Guard, customs officials and police found a suspicious looking containership near the Port of Oran and immediately ordered it to moor for inspection. Supposedly hauling frozen meat, the 1,118 TEU *Vega Mercury*, owned by Salamon AG in Germany, had a hidden storage compartment holding 701 kilograms of cocaine. Of course, no one knows anything about this and all acted very surprised to find such cargo aboard their ship.

I.M. Shaugen SE, a liquefied natural gas carrier, has filed for a Singapore version of Chapter 11 so they can reorganize their business. The company is moving from shipping LNG to a land based distribution and storage operation. They need some breathing time before the money flows. The firm declared that they would pay off all debts if allowed a little delay in paying their bills. Does this work with credit card companies?

The EU is funding a research project on autonomous navigation vessels and the plan is moving from the Concept Definition Stage to the Technology Adaption and Integrations Work Package (WPO3) this summer. Kongsberg Seatex, a subsidiary of Kongsberg Maritime, in conjunction with Sintef Ocean, Sintef Digital, KU Leuven and Mampaey Offshore Industries will use the European Global Navigation Satellite System (EGNSS), EGNOS, and Galileo for hull-to-hull integration sensors to create a 3D model for implementation of relative GNSS and communication proto-



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

cols. This will be on the test.

Ship Finance International Limited has purchased 15 1,700 TEU box containerships. These will subsequently be chartered on a long term basis to unnamed companies. Hey, Salamon AG is looking for a boat.

One of two tankers that grounded off Taiwan split in half off the beach near Kaohsiung. *Shine Luck* and sister ship *Winner 19* jointly had 200 metric meters of oil on board but the oil was pumped off the *Shine Luck* prior to her dividing in half. No one was injured and all crew were rescued without difficulties.

In preparation for the 2020 sulphur limits, world shipping leaders are investigating alternative ship fuels such as methanol. Chris Chatterton, COO of the Methanol Institute, claims that marine methanol has been highly overlooked but is ready to be used. He further states that methanol has none of the problems facing LNG fuels and is ready for the MAN two-stroke and the Wartsila four-stroke dual fuel engines in use. He also asserts that methanol is about 75% cheaper than LNG.

The Port of London Authority announced the first hybrid pilot boat that will be emission free when operating on electricity. Goodchild, a family owned shipbuilder, in conjunction with Yanmar engines and Marine Industrial Transmission LTD, will build a transfluid hybrid system that will easily shift from traditional fuels to electric power while maintaining 13kt speed. Goodchild stated that ferries and cruise liners have specific duty cycles and maintenance cycles while pilot boats operate on an immediate and rather varied schedule requiring alternate speed or power. The engine must be able to deliver both at the push of a button.

### Gray Fleet

Hey, looking for a nice gasoline lighter or tugboat or training ship? [www.graysonline.com](http://www.graysonline.com) has Australian vessels that are up for auction. Heck, the training ship *HMAS Sea Horse Horizon*, about the size of a frigate but is used for training, had a bid of \$20,000 with 18 hours left in the auction. Unfortunately, I don't think I could sail it up the Cedar River, so I'm out.

The Navy's gift to the world (or at least the world of rich people who were up to their necks in obtaining money from the tax payers), the embattled LCS jack of all trades ship that was supposed to do about a bajillion things for our defense has no *raison d'être*. We have lamented the existence of this beast for months upon months but it is too good a tale to forget.

Some dolt in Gold Braids decided the Navy could save money if they had one model of ship that could do everything from carrying missiles to antisubmarine warfare to mine laying and/or minesweeping. BUT, the lowest bidder was Martin Marietta in Wisconsin and not acceptable to the Senate's largest hogs at the trough, Senators

Thad Cochran (R-Mississippi), Jeff Sessions (R-AL) and Richard Shelby (R-AL). Sessions was chair of the Budget Committee and was followed by Shelby. All three are in the pocket of Huntington Ingalls, the big shipbuilder. Congress saw fit to award half the contract to the Mississippi firm.

Unfortunately, the ship stinks, fails to be an appropriate vessel for most missions and has been a design failure of historic magnitude. Rear Admiral Samuel Peres stated bluntly, "(that the ships were) ill suited for combat operations against anything but small, fast boats not armed with anti ship missiles." It also found that the excessive beam (width) of the trimaran *Independence* class ships might pose a "navigational challenge in narrow waterways and tight harbors." Actuarially, Congress set a budget of around \$460 million but in reality they have cost around \$900 million. 11 are completed, 12 are under construction and four are ready to be constructed. Thirty-two are planned.



This month the Navy has suggested these FUBAR boats could be used as home bases for drones. Of course, any ship, regardless of size or shape, could be used, but hey, we have to find SOMETHING for these vessels. Think about it. Uncle Sam could give \$1 million checks to almost 30,000 people instead of building LCSs. A billion dollars here, a billion dollars there and soon we are talking real money. Individual checks sent to random people with the understanding that everything had to be spent in the US would make a heck of an economical impact.

A TV feature on Senator John McCain III (R-AZ), a third generation Navy, strongly suggested that Navy's admirals were again fighting the last major war. Specifically, he stated that the aircraft carrier was obsolete, a concept anathema to current military doctrine. Congress has mandated 11 carrier task groups. McCain counters that carriers are incredibly vulnerable in a high tech attack featuring weapons such as China's DF 21D missile that can be fired from 4,000 miles away and can sink a carrier with ease. McCain suggests that our Navy has nothing to defend against such an attack.

He angered his fellow naval aviators by stating that the carrier war plans died of old age shortly after World War II. Nevertheless, the Navy has never countered McCain's allegations. RAND, the think tank, does forward the notion that the DF 21D could be jammed electronically. Unfortunately, no data exists to support that claim.

The Defense Department has a unique ship, the M-80 *Stilleto*, that is a pentamaran made of carbon fiber materials and advanced composite construction powered by four Caterpillar 1600hp engines in order to reach speeds of 60 knots. Think of a covered inflatable raft with five pontoons

shaped for stealth and can run in very shallow water. It is 88' long with a beam of 40', a height of 15' and a draft of 30". It weighs 60 tons fully loaded. Who owns this? Hard to tell ownership since it is a Pentagon Office of Transformation boat but operated by the M Ship Company in conjunction with the SEALs. This advanced concept vehicle



kind of makes up for the LCS fiasco.

### Environment

Oceans absorb about one-quarter of the CO<sub>2</sub> the world produces. Unfortunately, as CO<sub>2</sub> levels have increased dramatically on earth, so too have the oceans. The ions in the salt water are changing the overall oceanic chemistry and making our seas acidic. Pure water has neutral pH of 7. Our oceans are slightly "basic," meaning that the pH is a smidge over 7. But our waters are moving rapidly in the opposite direction. The excessive CO<sub>2</sub> in the seas is creating carbonic acid and this is beginning to wreck havoc not only on the chemistry of the water but all flora and fauna in the water.

Critics and political folk note that this is not the first time our oceans were acidic. They point out that during the Paleocene Thermal Maximum that happened about 56 million years ago, the oceans were acidic. *Science* magazine calls this the Great Dying Period. Unfortunately, the water was about 5°-6° warmer. Scientists believe that a 2° increase in warmth would eliminate all living entities on the planet. Yeah, but what does science know?

A recent check on charities and their expenses provoked significant shock when it revealed that many well known and popular charities spend the vast majority of their donations on administration, as much as 90% goes to CEO salaries, administration and publicity. Environmental groups like the World Wildlife Federation have a very good expense to program ratio. Ocean Con-

servancy spends about 75% on programs, which is a fairly good mark in comparison to others. Greenpeace, occasionally in the news for severe advocacy for the environment is among the top ten charities that actually spend their money on programs. Oceana, a group of environmentalists, attorneys and scientists researching solutions for the myriad of oceanic problems is rated well by *Charity Navigator*.

### Sea News

Spanish Coast Guard rescued over 900 people seeking a better life by heading out to sea in rickety old floating things hoping that they will survive long enough to reach the European side of the Mediterranean. Surprisingly, only four died. Those who believe that the US has a terrible problem with illegal immigration should think about poorer countries like Italy, Spain, Greece, etc, that are dealing with hundreds of thousands of refugees.

For those who want something different in the marine area, a UK Government Patrol Boat is up for sale. The 1994 36-meter boat can attain speeds of 26 knots thanks to 178GT Twin Caterpillar 3516B Marine Diesel Engines. It has a 2,600bhp plus PP Loiter jet. Built by Vosper Thornycroft, the boat is available for trial in early autumn at Diverse Marine Ltd in Cowes, UK. Wouldn't that be something running up the Cedar River for the one navigable mile available!

Having to purchase a new motorcycle battery to run the depth finder on *Gennysea*, the Potter 15 that owns me, I looked for something needing less attention and amazingly I uncovered just the battery! A 24v battery, the Xcelion X6T-E is lightweight suited for long missions, and easy state of charge. The 80ah, 2.1wh lithium ion battery is a hefty 45lbs with an integral Battery Management System and battery level safety feature that "uses Saft's Super Phosphate technology for lifetime reliability and stable internal resistance." That should get me through the summer, shouldn't it?

Australia has placed a ban on export of horses, mules and donkeys so they cannot be used for meat or skins. This act, hailed by the RSPCA, is especially aimed at China which imports about two million donkeys annually for their hides. East Africa countries and Ethi-

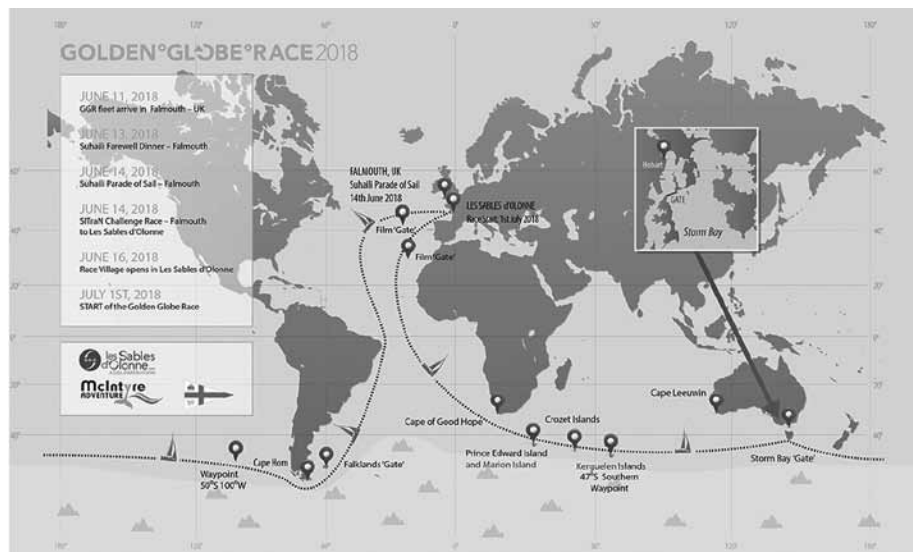
opia have large slaughterhouses for equine animals, however, nine other African countries have banned the use of equine hides. While the hides may end up in China and the meat in dog food, the gelatin from the butchered animals is sold for human consumption.

Many may initially think that this item is not nautically oriented, however, it is. What you do not hear or see is a great deal of fuss from the Australian shipping companies and dockworkers. Being stubborn as a mule is not simply a phrase, it is reality. Try putting mules on a ship! Worse, clean up the hold after you have hauled mules halfway around the world. I suggest that this particular legislation is making everyone happy in Australia.

### Yachts

The 1968 Golden Globe Race (not the televised awards), a solo, non stop, unassisted race around the world, created international interest and historical awareness. Competitor Donald Crowhurst spent the entire time moseying around the Atlantic sending false location reports until it became apparent that he was cheating, whereupon he committed suicide. Nigel Tetley pushed his boat beyond its limits in order to beat Crowhurst and the "win at all costs" urge killed his boat and he sank days from the finish line. Bernard Moitessier should have won the event but months of being alone played heavily on his psyche and he simply continued to sail an almost second circumnavigation "to save my soul," he said. Robin Knox-Johnston was the only person to finish the race and he became rather famous for his tenacity. Clearly, they were wild and crazy guys, literally and figuratively.

Now the event is being resurrected, non stop, solo and without assistance, in boats that must be a minimum of 30 years old and carry no equipment that was not aboard the boats in 1968. No hull or sail modifications and no altering of weight are permitted. This means there will be no electronic wind instruments, GPS, radar, AIS, chart plotters, autopilots, mobile phones, calculators, carbon fiber, water makers, Kevlar and, if you want to film it, you better be using a Super 8 camera and film. Fionna McGlynn and Michael Robinson of *Good Old Boat* wrote about this event with more than a little enthusiasm. Now this is what I call an adventure.





Well, back to the old drawing board (I do actually have an old drawing board). Having decided to go back to my original intention with this project, I roughed out a simple design in 2" XPS foam, loosely based on Rowerwet's (Josh Wythe's) Sawfish 12 kayak, with some new twists. Trifoam 16 will have a 16'x28" foam main hull with 12'x8" square section foam amas, using as many of the Jim Michalak Trilar parts I have already made as possible, such as mast, sprit, rudder, leeboards, etc. I also plan to use the same blaze orange leg-o-mutton sail purchased earlier from Dave Gray at Polysails International.

As I often do, I built a model before going full scale. All three hulls will have a rectangular cross section to simplify construction. One of the main innovations from the Sawfish 12 approach is to set the hull sides on edge instead of building the sides up with curved pieces like a stack of pancakes. A major question is whether 2" XPS, which is very stiff, can be bent enough without breaking to wrap from a pointed bow, around 24" interior max amidships, to a 14" interior transom. To sort of simulate the stiffness of the XPS foam, I used some 1/4" foam centered cardboard display board Carole had up in the attic. After some false starts the model was successful. In the full scale boat that center cockpit partition will be a removable temporary form.



I also determined during this process, that the main hull can be built from four 4'x8' sheets of foam (plus one 4'x4' sheet of 1/2" exterior plywood) and the 12' amas can be

## Building Trilar - Part 4

### Now

## Building Trifoam 16 - Part 1

By Jim Brown

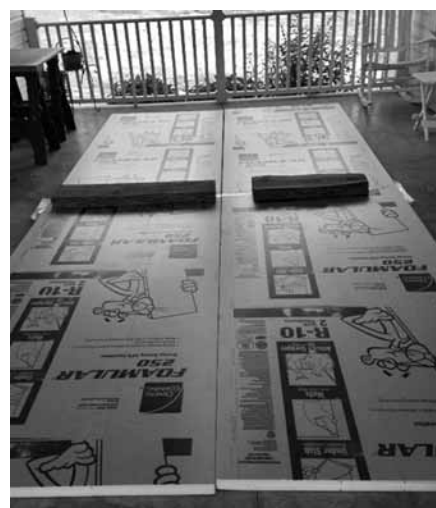
built from three additional 4'x8' foam sheets. Calculations showed that the amas can yield about 250lbs of flotation each (using a form factor of 0.7), which should be more than enough to offset the heeling moment of this small 59sf sail.

After finishing the priming and painting of the mast and sprit boom, I mounted the sail on the mast so I could unfold it from the way it was shipped and roll it around the mast to remove the creases. Wow! This "small" sail doesn't look so petite once set up, and in the afternoon breeze it was difficult just to hold up! Thanks again, Dave Gray. That sprit has since been trimmed down.



As I'm sure you are all well aware, life events and resource availability can often slow the progress of projects like this, but I have begun full scale construction. Perhaps we can test this Trifoam 16 this fall! Perhaps not. I've lost about three months of winter and early spring building time with my previous false start by using the unsuitable plywood for Trilar, and I hope to take advantage of the summer and early fall weather to get out on the water in my other vessels.

Once again, Carole helped me connect together, end to end, two 4'x8'x2" foam sheets using Josh Wythe's famous "butterfly scarf." This involves covering the joint with packing tape on one side like a hinge, then folding one sheet over on top of the other sheet, rolling holes in the ends to be connected, smearing some Gorilla Glue (GG) on the mating surfaces, misting lightly with water, folding the sheets back so the treated edges are in contact (making sure there is enough overhead room to swing an 8' long sheet overhead, and putting some vinyl sheet under the joint or there will be a mess on the deck) and leave it to set overnight. I usually place some weights on the joint, such as these oak logs. We did this procedure twice to yield two 4'x16' sheets which will be all that is needed for the main hull.



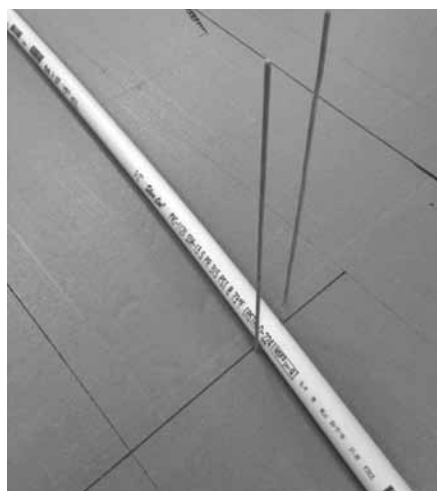
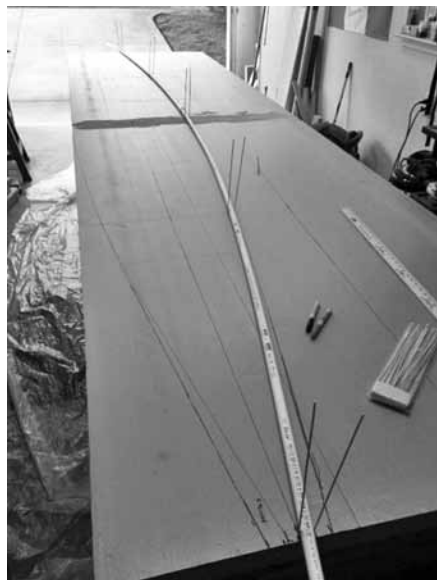
About 25 years ago I built two 8'x24"x32" high tables to build a Bolger "Perfect Skiff." These were now scraped clean of accumulated paint and epoxy drippings, sanded smooth and covered with vinyl sheeting. When placed end to end they made the perfect bench to mark up the foam sheets, cut out the parts and assemble the hull.

BTW, I enjoyed the recent pix of the Rend Lake Mid-West Messabout which showed several nicely built Michalak Totos and Trilar. I am sure my previous attempt at building Trilar would have turned out better if I had taken the time to set up these tables for that build! However, I would have still made the same decision concerning the unsuitable plywood I used.

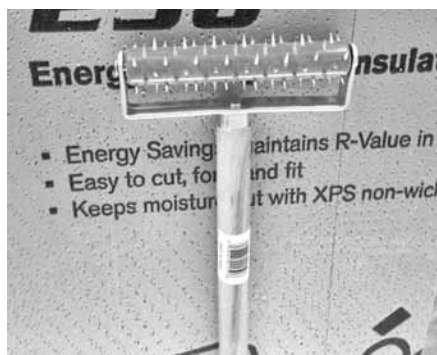
The layout was easy. The bottom panel has simple curved edges, starting at a point at the bow, around a 24" wide midpoint to a 14" width at the transom. The two side panels used 3" of rocker at the bow and stern with 18" height uniform from bow to stern. All panels were cut the full 16' length of the foam, so when the side panels are bent around the bottom panel, the bottom will be slightly longer and the excess can be cut off the bottom after assembly. Proportions are similar to Trilar with a 4' foredeck, an 8' cockpit to accommodate two people and a 4' stern deck.

Two 10' lengths of 1/2" PVC pipe were temporarily joined with a connector to make a nice 20' flexible batten which was used to

connect the dots on the foam. Bamboo skewers were used to hold the batten in place for the Sharpie marker to be run around and the parts were cut out with a saber saw using a smooth blade with no offset teeth to minimize the sawdust. The first hull side panel cut out was used as a pattern to cut the second side, to minimize measuring errors.



All the parts were rolled with the wicked spiked wallpaper removal tool (Amazon, Silverline 221199, about \$20) on all edges and flat sides. According to Josh Wythe, these holes will produce “glue nails” when filled with glue as the parts are joined and eventually covered with fabric (does that make them “glunnels,” as wooden tree nails are called “trunnels”)? That system worked really well on the Sawfish 12 build as chronicled in these pages previously.



As I work with this 2” thick Dow Corning Formula XPS insulation foam, I am struck by the uniformity and ease of working this stuff compared to some of the junky wood I have seen lately. We live here in eastern Tennessee surrounded by forested mountains and see many logging trucks headed for the sawmills and furniture factories. But the best project pine at the Blue Store comes labeled “Product of New Zealand” and a very nice 1”x6”x10’ recently bought at the Orange Store was “Made in Sweden.” What’s up with that? The exterior 1/4” plywood at both stores is terrible, full of defects and voids. Perhaps if I could get to the big box stores early on the day the wood is delivered and was willing (and able, at age 84) to pick through the piles, I might find better stuff. Perhaps not.

I decided to do a test assembly of the hull using straps and bamboo skewers to temporarily hold things together. Temporary foam bulkheads 16” high were skewered in place at the 4’ mark (18”), 8’ mark (24”), 12’ mark (22”) and a permanent transom (14”). Glad I did that as I discovered the need for some minor changes and picked up some new ideas for the structure.



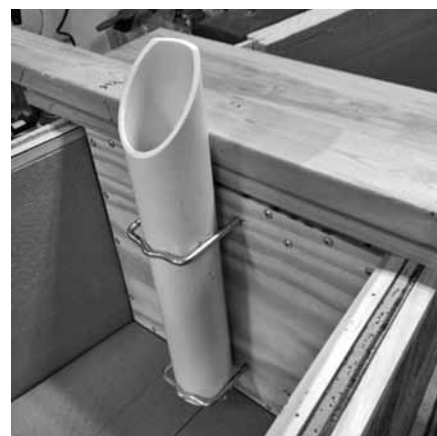
The hull of the boat is like a box beam which various forces will try to bend and twist. The structure of this boat is quite stiff everywhere except where one side of the box is cut open to make the 8’ cockpit. The 4’ fore and aft decks stiffen the beam in those areas, but the cockpit area will try to bend and twist unless reinforced.

There are a bunch of details I had sort of designed in my head, especially the lightweight structure needed to handle the twisting forces generated by the sail and transmitted to the amas through sliding akas, while keeping weight to the absolute minimum. In other words, I didn’t want to end up building a wooden boat inside of this foam boat to handle all these forces.

The plan was to use stiff 1/4” or 1/2” plywood bulkheads, reinforced with lumber, fore and aft of the cockpit, and 1”x1” (3/4”x 3/4”) x 10’ lumber stringers in grooves along the inside and outside of each gunnel to take the compressive bending forces, and which will connect with both bulkheads, the mast partner (a piece of 3” PVC pipe) and the aka mounts

to handle the twisting forces. Each stringer must be able to bend in two planes at once (along the sheer and around the sides) and must be flexible enough to do so. That’s why I used two small stringers on each side rather than one larger but stiffer stringer. Exterior 1/2” plywood will be glued and screwed to lay flat just forward of the front bulkhead and just aft of the rear bulkhead, tying into each bulkhead and also into the fore and aft stringers. They will also provide a rigid base to mount the akas which transmit the forces from the amas countering the sail force.

These pix are just dummied up to show the concept because all this stuff wasn’t yet glued together. The 2”x4” behind the mast partner represents one of the akas. There will actually be two akas, each 5’ long, going from the port gunnel to the starboard ama and vice versa. The rear amas will function the same way. The amas will be able to slide in about 18” on each side from their 8’ maximum width. The 5’ width will make driving on narrow country roads much more relaxing, and free up garage space.



Getting all these parts coated with Gorilla Glue, sprung into place (those stringers were stiffer than I thought they would be) and clamped together before the glue went off in this humid weather was one of the most challenging parts of this build. It didn't take that long but I felt like a one armed paper-hanger. Note the small plywood pieces under the clamps to allow enough clamp force to bend the stringers into place without crushing the foam. I was concerned that the forward ends of those stringers might not stay in place when the clamps were removed as a good bit of clamping force was required forward of the front bulkhead. It turned out not to be a problem and once the aka mount is glued and screwed into place tying all those pieces together, it will be really strong.



PL Premium 3x was used to glue in the bulkheads and, after the glue set, I went around all the interior foam joints with either GG or PLP3 (depending on the size of the gaps). My foam cutting with the saber saw was not as precise as I had hoped, even after some edge sanding. I will do the same on the bottom once she is turned over.

## Forget About Trilar's?

From the July issue we have this photo of the final fate of that ill fated project as it is headed for the shop stove.



The stringers required some planing and sanding in areas where they were not quite level with each other and also where the wood extended out past the edge of the foam, but that didn't take too long. My plan is to cover the stringers with 2"x2"x8' foam so the gunnels will be level with the fore and aft decks. Since the height of the cockpit sides will then be 18" from the cockpit floor to the top of the gunnels, it remains to be seen whether my SWAG (scientific wild ass guess) was correct concerning that dimension. Recently I bought two cheap white plastic patio chairs (\$9.98 each at Lowes), which will be cut to size as seats for the boat.

These pix show the aka mounts with  $\frac{3}{8}$ "-16x4" galvanized bolts installed which will go through slots in the akas to provide 18" of athwartship adjustment on each side. The galvanized carriage bolts were available at the local Rural King Farm Store. No stainless bolts were available locally. Also shown are the  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " wide U-bolts, which were needed to mount the 3" PVC mast partner. Couldn't find any of the proper width/length locally, but found these among my collection of old nuts and bolts. You can see from these pix how the structure all ties together when glued and screwed.

I decided not to fasten the aka supports to the gunnels until after I was done on the bottom and had covered the sides with canvas. What a mess I found when I flipped the boat over! A lot of the GG and PLP3 I had used to fill in the gaps between the bottom and sides from above had leaked on through and come out on the bottom and there was some unevenness between the bottom and sides. Not to worry. Some work with the

DeWalt sander and #60 grit got it all leveled out. Some PLP3 filled in the remaining gaps, and with a little more #60 grit we were good to go. Also, I put a foam cap on the bow to be followed by a wood strip to avoid any dents in the foam should I bump into anything. This boat doesn't have any brakes you know.



Well, I didn't get quite as far as I hoped in Part 1, but I think this is enough print for one article. In Part 2 we will complete a bunch of details, install the decks, cover the main hull in cotton duck canvas, paint the hull and build the akas and the amas. This article shows there is life after scrapping my previous Trilar's project. We just gotta keep on keepin' on regardless.

Total cost to date for the Trifoam 16 is \$765.33 (not counting money spent on Trilar's for items not used on this project). I estimate about \$100 to \$150 more before completion, not counting a trailer. Harbor Freight still has not resumed selling trailers, Northern Tool has dropped some models I was interested in (their trailers are still limited to 45mph) and craigslist has not yet yielded a suitable candidate. So I will just keep looking as there is a good bit of time before the trailer will be needed.

Until Part 2, Faire Winds my friends.



A new program of the East End Classic Boats Society in June paired old salts from the club with children from four elementary grades in a "Sailboats and Sawdust" program that turned Amagansett School into a model boat factory.

Garbed in protective glasses, dust masks and rubber gloves, the youngsters spent 90 minutes at several sessions sanding, painting assembling and eventually tank testing their creations in plastic wading pools.



## THE EAST END CLASSIC BOAT SOCIETY

Hartjen-Richardson Community Boat Shop  
301 Bluff Road, Amagansett, NY 11930  
Wednesdays & Saturdays 9am- 2pm  
(631-324-2490)  
Rhartjen@hamptons.com

### Sailboats & Sawdust New East End Classic Boat Society Program Teaches Kids

Stuart Close, EECBS education director, spent long hours developing the program with teacher liaison Kathy Solomon and working to craft the boat hulls and other components the kids used.

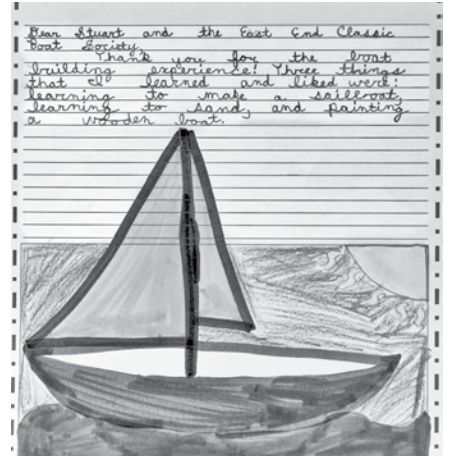


Using the pre-made components from the boat shop the third and fourth graders worked to sand, paint and assemble 10" long sailing craft with mainsail, jib, spars, rudder and keel.



First and second graders fabricated rubber band-powered paddle wheel craft.

"These kids were so eager and enthusiastic it was a joy to work with them," said club member Charles Fuchs, who had cut and shaped the hulls the youngsters used to make their boats. Five teachers helped supervise the 40 children who took part.



And we got the most charming "thank you" drawings.

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Is a 20' boat that much bigger than the same boat that's 15' long? Here's the comparison, the exact same boat blown up. We had the plans for the 15' Melonseed blown up 25% in all dimensions just to see what would happen. Shows you that when you cube the size instead of just making it longer things get real big. When I told the guys to grab the little one and put it inside the big one I got some strange looks and even stranger comments.



The 20-footer is later getting framed out and the 15-footer getting its centerboard trunk installed. Howard Heimbrock is doing the big one and Jim Enyart is doing the small one, Hull #8 in the series of Cortez Melon Seeds. #15 is currently coming together in the shop by Jimmy U. This is the one with the 2" thick foam hull, it turned out to be a fantastic boat when it was finished. I have a chapter showing the hull getting made. It took a total of three hours to assemble it.



# From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

This is the big one, *Tricia Marie* sailed by my Helen Marie at Cedar Key. It's really cool looking isn't it? This hull was cold molded with three layers of 1/8" ply and a million staples. The mast is on a tabernacle and was raised and lowered by an electric winch under the deck and had a built in electric motor (Howard, of course).

Here she is zipping along with her small jib flying. She has the same logo as the 15' Cortez melons since she is one that's been expanded by 25%. We lost the expanded table of offsets when the shop burned down back in '10. I think maybe I still have them on the computer. She was a fine boat and the inboard rudder made her simple to handle.



Her first sail was in the waters off of the little town of Cortez where Roger Allen had the Florida Maritime Museum, so I called him to come down to the dock to see the boat that his hull had inspired. We took him out for a sail and he was much impressed.

Here's the small one, it's currently sailed out of Jacksonville Beach and is named *Bad Seed* (eat your heart out Kevin). This one is probably the best of the flock since its hull and transom are 2" thick the boat is wider and longer than the rest.



Roger is up in Buffalo at the maritime place he started there and is probably freezing his ass off every winter. He's close to retirement, maybe he'll come back to the land of the sun and surf. This is him in the middle.



Our good friend Jim died a while back and had a Scamp half finished so we wanted to give it to someone who'd finish it and maybe even use it. We picked this guy, Lonnie Black, who made this one. It is a Jim Michalak AF-3 sharpie he built a few years back. He jazzed it up a little from the original design and has really enjoyed it, a simple, quick build and a good, comfortable performer.



He took the unfinished Scamp hull and sanded it and filled it and painted it with some kind of magic paint and got this finish on the hull. I think it's better not to know that guys who can do this kind of work exist. Next thing you know they'll be wanting me to finish my boats like this and I would have to give up boat building and take up quilting with Helen and her girls.

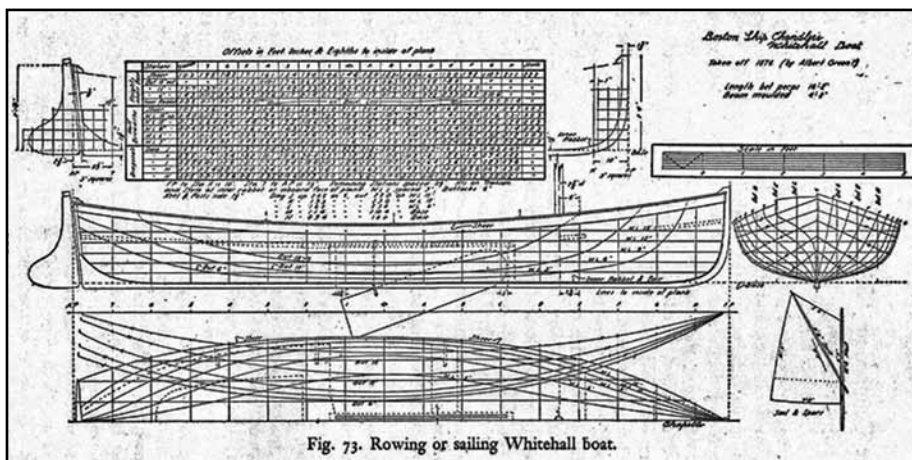


I'm going to tell you the story of how we converted the world's best rowboat into the perfect motorboat. It is a long and convoluted story so I'll tell it with pictures for those of you who are a little on the slow side, and you know who you are. As with most of my stories this one may sound like it was fast and easy. I warn you up front that it is not unless you are, or happen to have on hand, a mechanical genius who loves a challenge and never gives up.

We do have just that very man, Howard, here at the Tiki Hut. He can figure out the most impossible things and make it look easy. Howard's background was figuring out complicated industrial things for the very first time and coming up with the machines to make them. You also need someone else to push him to keep going when it seems impossible or too outrageous, that would me. Here we go.

## The Perfect Motorboat

By Dave Lucas



The story started out about 20 years ago when I decided to make a totally indestructible boat to use in the river I live on, one that all the kids could do anything with and not worry about having to take care of. Over the years I had built several of the boats in Chappelle's book *American Small Sailing Craft* so I looked through it again and came upon this Whitehall. It looked like fun to build and at 16' long was big enough for us. As you all know, Whitehalls were the ultimate working rowboats in the 19th century. They were the final evolution of man powered boats, the next step was the invention of motors. Notice how the lines of the hull and the hourglass transom give the boat a smooth flow through the water, it's actually double ended, pointed on both ends when seen from the water.



Since I knew that it would never be taken care of I made the entire strip planked boat out of pressure treated yellow pine. I didn't put the skeg on the back because it had to be pulled up a ramp every time it was used and that would have worn the skeg off. It lived up to my expectations and never needed any care for the ten years or so that it was down by the water. We didn't use it after that so I pulled it up into the woods behind the shop and rolled it over and forgot about it.



Now we'll fast forward about ten years. By this time we had a shop full of guys who loved to build things to challenge themselves. And not just boats either, but I drew the line at making an airplane. Some of them are pilots but haven't flown in 30 or 40 years and I know that if they made an airplane they would just have to try it out, no way. Here's Howard, he was between projects and I asked if he wanted to play with a Whitehall hull. I took him out in the bushes and scraped the leaves and growth off and pointed at it. He had never seen it before, none of the guys had. Ten years out in the jungle makes things disappear. After he stopped laughing at me and telling me that it must be a totally rotten mess, we rolled it over to find it still in perfect shape, a quick pressure wash and it was as good as the day I launched it. He decided to make a fancy electric launch out of it



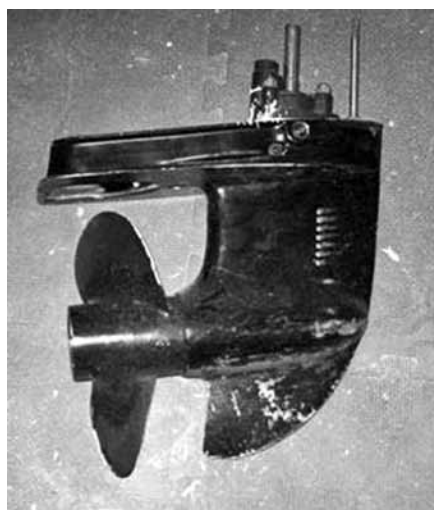


And he did, ain't she the prettiest boat you ever saw? Helen made the fancy top. That's a 40lb thrust trolling motor and on this super slick hull it would push it along at its hull speed of about 6mph. That all sounds good but it doesn't take long before you realize that electric motors on boats are totally and completely useless if you plan on going anywhere other than around in a swimming pool. So we thought about putting a small outboard motor in the back under the deck but that wasn't a challenge and who cares about another outboard boat. He thought I was crazy when I got all excited one day about putting a lawnmower motor in it. We've all wanted to do it but few have tried because of the many problems involved, and there were many. I'll point them out as I go along. I keep saying "we" did this but the whole thing was really Howard's project, I was just along with the crazy ideas when he looked like he was ready for one.



Here's what we needed to get to get it done, a lawnmower motor and a lower unit from an old outboard motor. This was the result after debating a hundred other possibilities. This is the starting point, all we needed after this was someone to figure out how to put these two together and make it work, which it turned out is extremely hard to do. The genius of doing it this way is that lawnmower motors are cheap compared to outboards, this brand new Briggs 'n Stratton was only about \$300, we didn't need one this big but we wanted one with electric start and a generator and this 10.5 was the smallest I could find that had those things. Also, since it's air cooled we didn't need to worry about salt water corroding its insides. This motor has been in and around salt water for seven or eight years and still looks just like this when it was new. Whatever they make them out of

is impervious to salt water. Then take a look at this old lower unit, it came from a Merc 30. They are free for the taking from any boat repair shop. We picked this one 'cause we wanted a big slow turning high thrust prop. Lower units have their transmission and gearbox right there at the bottom so we have forward, neutral and reverse built in.



All we had to do was bolt the lower unit to the bottom, bolt the motor to the top and connect the shafts with a flexible coupling, make up a connection for the gears and we're off to the races. Some of the steps in between involved getting the shafts machined to fit properly, make all of the linkage parts and adjust it all to work. And it did work but the whole thing had to be scrapped and reworked.

The problem was with the boat, not this propulsion system. Remember when I said that the Whitehall was the most efficient hull type ever, the ultimate evolution of human powered watercraft? That's great and it only takes about one horsepower to push it along at its hull speed. We discovered that we couldn't slow the boat down with the rig we had. Even running the motor at the lowest speed it would go was still like full speed and it's really bad to run a motor this slow with any kind of load on. We tried changing props, cutting down props but to no avail.

What Howard finally did was to take the coupling off and make a pulley system that changed the gear ratio to make the prop turn slower with the motor running at a reasonable speed, about half throttle. You can imagine how much fun it was getting a four pulley system to fit in this little 6" space under the motor. He got really good at pulling the motor out to make adjustments.



Here's the basic install, slick looking isn't it?



Next we had to pretty it all up and do something about getting rid of the heat generated by the motor. Outboard motors use water to take the heat out. On the lawnmower the motor heat and the exhaust heat just blow out the bottom, that wouldn't work for this setup.

The heat from the motor cooling air turned out to be no problem. Howard just made a doghouse to go over the motor, cut a hole in the top right over the air intake fan on the top of the motor, screwed in a cut off section of a Blue Bell plastic ice cream container (which was a perfect fit) and made another little roof to go over that. Cool air was sucked in the top and blew out the louvers on the back and sides.



Then came the exhaust heat. What a nightmare.

Exhausts get really hot and the fan in the motor wasn't enough to get it out of the doghouse. We tried everything we could think of, including putting a blower in to suck in cool air and blow it out, all failed. I had a brilliant idea of wrapping the whole thing up in

fiberglass insulation to keep the heat out of the doghouse, I don't know what the melting point of glass is but we exceeded it with molten glass dripping down under the exhaust pipe, make a note, don't ever try that.



What we finally did (this gets really complicated) is to have a water cooled exhaust system made. The details are a little fuzzy. I think we had a 1" pipe with holes in it going inside a 2" pipe that went out the back. This was its muffler, sort of. This 2" pipe was inside of a 3" pipe that had nipples on each end so a little electric pump could pump water through and cool the whole thing. We tried injecting water directly into the 1" exhaust pipe but that failed badly. With this flat pipe the water would get back into the motor from the exhaust.

You may ask why we would need an electric pump to supply the cooling water, why not just use the water pump in the lower unit and not have to fool with a water intake in the hull. We did try that very thing, you have no idea how much water that thing puts out 'til you see it hooked up directly to a hose. It would shoot a stream of water 50 feet in the air, way too much for what we needed.



Here's the rudder and steering arrangement, it has a steel cable wrapped around a wooden shaft, works good.



This is how she turned out, a really beautiful boat that runs great and is totally dependable. Turn the key and it starts. We all know how good our lawnmowers are, they get the hell beat out of them for years, are never taken care of and still keep on running.



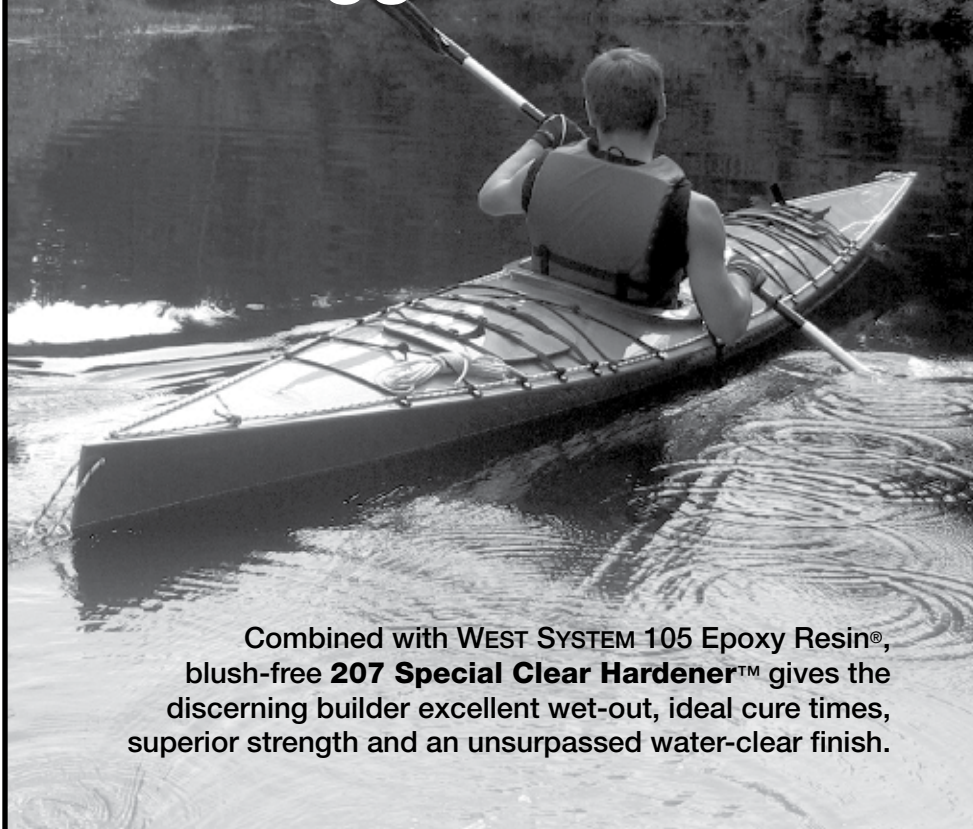
We once used her to tow three sailboats ten miles up the intercoastal to a meet one time. She never missed a beat. Always started and went forever on a gallon of gas. I'm surprised that someone doesn't make these things commercially. With some refinements this would be a perfect propulsion system for special boats. Howard named her after one of his granddaughters, *Chelsea*.



She now belongs to Crazy Steve and is still a unique, beautiful boat. They don't make them like this anymore and after seeing what it took to make this one you can see why. When you think it's time for a challenge and want to do one yourself at least you can get an idea of what it took to get the bugs out and make it work. I would recommend a 5hp motor with a simple pull start to simplify things greatly. Batteries and electrical systems are huge sources of problems and should be avoided if possible, says the guy who's building a huge fantail launch with two generators.



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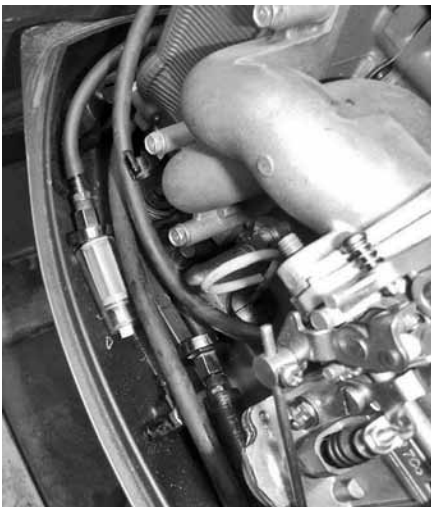
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## Deferred Maintenance

The heart of our operation, once afloat again, is Mr Yammie. He has relatively simple tastes, I supply gasoline, pull his starter rope and he takes it from there. Suction and discharge.

Granted, I'm supposed to supply gasoline that doesn't have air, or mole hair, in it. Sooooo, we added a couple of filters and a water separator into the line. Most everything was in place all last season. We went lotsa places. I pulled the starter rope and Mr Yammie took it from there. Right now, three squeeze balls, new hoses, replacement cartridge filter, emptied lines, inspections adinfinitum AND WE ARE STILL AIRBOUND. I was out in the driveway trying to push frozen rubber hoses onto frozen fittings and squeezing frozen rubber squeeze bulbs with frozen fingers. A couple of sputters and then lots of AIR. We ain't out of ideas but the easy ones have already been tried over 'n over.



Maybe I could tell you about one sorta success. Maybe it could be a distraction from what everybody knows is the Real Deal Main Show. But it's kinda cool.

## The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Door catches and latches are always a thing of never quite right here on our Frankenwerke production line. Of course, this is the remains of the door that got smashed into component parts when that chain reaction of the windshield blowing in on the highway sort of ruined our day. In order to keep things more or less closed up out in the late season snow and heavy rain that has visited us here in Almostcanada, I just stitched the old door together and stuck it back in place.

There isn't a lot of extra space around this door when I walk past it, so the notion was to have a latch system that would work from both sides, be lockable (if anything on a homebuilt boat is really "lockable") and it would be nice if I didn't have to remove my belt loops each time I got too close to the door knob.



We put the moving parts on the non moving side and the non moving parts on the moving side! I did this one in the dark, too, but I just had to hold the flashlight in my teeth. No feeling for squirts of air, instead of squirts of gasoline, same frozen fingers.

So far it works like a champ and it looks pretty good, too, especially when viewed with a small flashlight clenched tightly between incisors and molars.



## Miss Kathleen Bobs Free

Mr Tom has been assembled, disassembled and then bolted back together about half dozen times.



We had a special guest today. He came from Back East! Jim is another Frankenbuilder. Fortunately he didn't come just for our sunny weather. The last time we tried to test Mr Tom, it was raining so hard we really didn't need to back down the ramp. It probably got deep enough up in the parking lot.



This time at the bottom of a long, STEEP ramp, one with lots of really big chuck holes from multiple seasons of being undermined by a constant flow of ground water, we found enough water to let Miss Kathleen bob free of her consort for the first time in half a year.



With far more bravado than I deserved, I figured *Big Red* and *Mr Tom* could finish the job, one way or another, and they did, with more slipping and sliding than I imagined. But they did the job. We made it into the water and back out.



## Mission Accomplished

*Big Red*, *Mr Tom* and I escorted the rebuilt *Miss Kathleen* up to one of our favorite spots today. It wasn't snowing, or raining, or even gonna do that for another day or more. As these things happen, we were among the last boats to launch here last fall before Ol' Man Winter barged in and froze things up. We were absolutely the FIRST to back in this season.



The melting snow berm was still about waist high across the ramp at Granite Creek Marina, up Priest Lake way. We were the only ones today but there's plenty of room for more folks. I went over to his cabin and knocked on the caretaker's door. Wes greeted me warmly and came out to see our girl in her new configuration. Then we each grabbed a snow shovel and attacked that barrier.

I was so involved with the idea of climbing back up a layer of slushy snow on top of a layer of slushy leaves and sand and other flotsam and jetsam that I sort of forgot to check things like trim. That will have to wait for next time.

While not strictly essential, it was nice to have somebody there to handle lines for me. The lake is still waaaay down awaiting the spring influx from those snowfields in the background. So the docks don't quite match where the boat leaves the trailer and such. We ran *Mr Yammie* up and down the rev scale a few times and then went out in the turning basin for some maneuvering checks.

Many of the old quirks persist, like prop walk, in reverse, but that improved rudder geometry will allow for a very tight turning radius running forward. I'm expecting that to pay dividends.

I'll probably wish we stayed out longer but that first hop after a long and complex overhaul brings its own level of anxiety. We were the only boat out there, so a few twists and backings down and then it was back alongside.



Once it warms up a bit more reliably, I will be adding trim and additional decoration to the cabin sides. There's a ton of things yet to work on but, somehow, it does feel like things are gonna be working out.

But then, we just might be crowding the season, just a teeny bit, probably a little more time before there's anybody around to notice. But it won't be long now. Adventure is where you find it but it helps to be looking for it.



### Miss Kathleen Enters Her Third Season. 1.0

I never liked that geometric Lone Ranger mask profile but the octagonal windows are alright. Waaaay too plain vanilla, I had hopes that at least underway it would "work." What was supposed to make her look less boxy at the aft end of the new cabin seems to elicit the contrapositive, I think that's a \$20 Yankee word for "the opposite." So, between snow flurries on April Fools' Day, I was out doing some mockups.



Certainly that, sorta blunted football shaped, nameboard mockup needs to be done on a real oval jig. Claire, who not only knows about boats, but can draw them, on paper, says I should put a traditional skylight hatch up forward. I'd love to but it would also be good to see out of the windshield from the helm seat. Sooooo, I tried just raising the hatch the rest of the way to horizontal. The wooden staves on the cabin sides will crawl forward the rest of the way and that blue painter's tape will magically morph to the same green as the hull.



If I go out later and find all that stuff lying on the ground I guess I'll have to figure *Miss Kathleen* likes it better the way it is.

### The Plan of the Day

The Plan of the Day was simplicity itself. "Clear away old projects. Fill dump trailer with scraps and unused items. Organize fasteners, hardware and usable lumber. Clean shop before initiating any further projects."



Kate has been telling me for about two Building Seasons now that things have been spiraling out of control. But it seems that my good intentions kept getting overshadowed by brilliant schemes. At one point the radial arm saw table became the repository for hot projects, stuff for notions still percolating or in awaiting parts status. Too often, still percolating has become stillborn.

So the day began as a watershed day, one that should have become a harbinger for change and progress. Things began with a reasonable sense of purpose but then I walked by *Miss Kathleen*, now outside astride *Mr Tom* in the driveway. I had been actively employed in sorting the detritus and leftover nuts, bolts, rollers and odd bits from the multiple trailer fixes of the past weeks, a relatively simple task of sorting  $\frac{1}{2}$ " carriage bolts from  $\frac{1}{4}$ "-20 nuts, LED lights, from red spray paint. I started trying to find space in our Warehouse of Mysterious Delights and discovered a cache of hot projects gone cold. What to do, what to do?

Almost before I could say "frostbite," I was out in the driveway, fixing something that probably wasn't even broken. Bent maybe, but not really broken. Our spring weather has been a bit quixotic of late. Between sun-breaks the temps seem stubbornly stuck in the low 30s with snow flurries intermixed with rain, a good time to be inside sorting stuff like we had planned to be doing on a day like today. Nope.

There was this store bought chin roller that actually worked pretty good but it was just about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " too low. After about an hour of drilling and shimming and messing around with cold fingers and toes, stuff that had been provisionally put on shelves and into cans started showing up in the driveway.



About 20 pounds of random parts had replaced about a half pound but the thing is now  $\frac{1}{4}$ " taller! And then there was the replacement tongue jack fiasco. The old one actually worked pretty well but the new one we ordered when we thought the old one was never going to respond to oilcan therapy was sitting prominently on the hot projects table. Shouldn't be a big deal, just gotta unbolt the old one and bolt in the new one...

Of course, the holes didn't quite match up and the installed on the fly mounting plate was too close to the frame to match the new holes with the old bolts and actually get a wrench up under there without dropping the whole shebang.



Sometime during that orgy of pinched fingers the new trailer tongue jack actually got installed. The rest of the catwalk got bolted on. The alternate wheel for the jack foot got mounted at the ready. The other tongue jack got moved about ten times and finally put in a sorta not finger smashing location.



The winch stand got raised just a teensy weensy bit higher and, of course, we ran outa red spray paint and Sawzall blades to cut the hangedownees off above forehead level before the next unplanned trips under this behemoth.

## Underway Day

Dithering and dissembling never got any of us anyplace. Waiting for better weather doesn't make much sense either. That's what Jamie the Seadog was trying to tell me just this morning. We were out looking things over at the "cave in site." There are a couple of boats under that gull wing thing that used to resemble a Quonset hut. But as long as it's raining buckets when it isn't just raining drops, today would be a lousy day to pull off what is left of that boatshed and let the somewhat worse for wear boats underneath fill up with rainwater instead of just supporting a lake of it.



So we declared today an Underway Day, not without an unhealthy disregard for the weather forecast. The calendar says that today marks the second week of April. Hope springs eternal so we headed north to the only available launch ramp that has both a dock and a lake attached at this early stage of the post equinox. As you might imagine, the farther north we got the deeper the snow piles.

But sooner or later we splish splashed our way down to Granite Creek. They had a bunch of new snow on the ground from only yesterday. Today the rain was taking over. I brought a shovel to clear a bit more of the ramp access and, with very little further ado, *Miss Kathleen* was waterborne and we were underway. It was a great day for a roofboat.



Jamie took his accustomed seat, my seat, actually. We don't have cushions or carpet or really any creature comforts in place yet. The latest changes to the rudder seem to have made even more improvements in the operation, she runs straight with no hand on the helm. I can stand off to the side, or move around, while Jamie stands lookout. Yep, pretty much straight as a string.

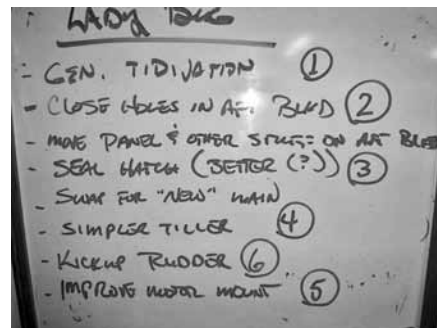


Look Ma, no hands!! Look Ma, no jet skis either! We had the place all to ourselves. Funny how 30° and rain will do that. On our way back home we pulled off to check out a lake overlook just as a rain squall came in to drop viz to barely feet. Yep, good day for a roofboat! One with carpet and cushions.



## Return of the Prodi-Gal

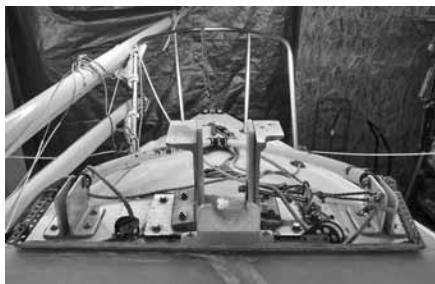
After waiting out a very long and very snowbound winter over in her storage plot just down the hill toward town, *Lady Bug* is home for a refit. It seems she's had furry guests this past season. Granted, her itty bitty cabin is more size friendly for mice than men, er, so to speak (or squeak, perhaps). *Lady Bug* and I have been shipmates for about 15 years now, more or less, we both know the drill. I make lists, I change lists, I do quick fixes, he puts up with them.



For instance, I hung Mr Nissan into that too small motor hole a season or two ago on a leftover piece of treated 2"x6" haphazardly bolted in place, "just to check the idea out..." Nothing lives quite as long as a temporary solution. So I picked up a replacement motor bracket in The Big City today. Of course, I was on a completely different mission and I hadn't bothered to even dream this up until I was 50 miles from home. No measurements, of course, so no big surprise when I did get home that one side had to be cut down by 2" inches and it's a bit wide, too. That's a piece of 8" aluminum angle that runs 1/2" thick. Yep, I think *Lady Bug* is gonna like a little bling for a change.



About mast raising stuff or standing rigging, more quick fixes that date back a decade or more. The rudder has been through dozens of major transmogrifications. Pretty good but not quite good enough yet. Not to mention about trailer stuff either.



Anyhow. She's home. And I've kinda missed her. It's already feeling like old times.



## Taking the Roads Less Travelled

Jamie the Seadog and I saddled up and took our little wagon train out on a short expedition today. Our target was a modest sized lake about 30 miles SE from home. Mostly it was a test of *Mr Tom's* ability to launch and recover *Miss Kathleen* from a well built and equipped, but shallow, ramp. We were in no particular hurry. And the most of this trip is up and down one of the main arteries of vehicular traffic in the Idaho pan-handle region, a winding and hilly ribbon between a town that sports a summer population of 2,000 souls to the north and a roaring east west freeway corridor some 60 miles the south. In between is a whole lot of just plain Real America.



Today we stopped in one of those little communities along the highway that used to be "someplace." The heyday was probably a hundred years ago. These places exist every place I go, when I keep off the interstate, that is.

Taking a break, Jamie and I were walking down a dirt track that had street signs every city block or so. Apparently we were on "Railroad Avenue." No railroad in sight and not much else either. Some folks euphemistically refer to places like this as a "mixed neighborhood." We turned around in front of a Quonset hut sort of structure with rudimentary commercial messages posted prominently. Off to the other side of Railroad Avenue it was a bit more pastoral.



I snapped this picture and put my camera back in my pocket. From a couple of blocks back the way we had come, a car was backing down rather purposely in our direction. When it got abreast of us, it stopped. The driver rolled his window down, and exclaimed, "... saw you takin' a picture of the old Jenkins barn and thought you might be Doug..." Of course, I'm not Doug, and I don't even know the Jenkins.

I stood and he sat there for the next half hour and we talked about the buffalo herd just off to the northwest and how we'd both spent time living in California and about my boat, parked in front of the restaurant that's closed on Mondays, today, which was pretty unusual and, of course, we both wondered why all those trees were being torn out over there next to the Jenkins place. We continued our conversation while Jamie and I walked and he idled his car along most of the way back to where I had parked the boat until he declared it was time for him to go to the post office and then get on back home.

The other restaurant in that town is in a building that once housed the mercantile giant of the region. They sell antiques and hamburgers now. Several of the seated restaurant patrons complimented *Miss Kathleen* as I strolled in to order a chef's salad (that wasn't officially on the menu.) After a few more ad lib conversations we were back on the road.



The boat ramp was quite deserted. There were still traces of snow on the ground and a cold wind blowing in off the lake. The thin sunshine made it look warmer than it was. I was standing there, pretty much certain that while I could likely get the boat OFF the trailer, there was not so much certainty about getting her back ON.

There we were, tailpipe just about in the water and boat not even pretending to be floating as she needs to be doing for this to work. A couple walked up from someplace and asked if I needed help and what a cool boat. He was wearing one of those still ubiquitous Viet Nam ball caps with his hero ribbons on the crown.

While truck and trailer sat immersed for no likely productive reason, we talked about how both his wife and mine were from big families in Great Falls in Montana and about his boat that he's overhauled twice and about the country around the old Glasgow Air Force Base north of Fort Peck Lake where we're planning a small boat raid this August and about how rough it was during Tet of '68 and how I can't catch fish, even from this cool boat that doesn't really have a big enough cockpit to cast from.

After I pulled the rig out of the water and brought Jamie out of the truck where he rides in his travelling compartment up in the passenger seat, we continued with banter about Army life vs that of the Navy, and after we shook hands with the *de rigueur* "Welcome home, GI," they were off and so were Jamie and I.



On a whim, I decided to stop and see Marsha, the new custodian of last year's Frankenbot project, *Gypsy Wagon*, down another narrow track that ended up in a driveway. I asked the Viet Nam ball cap standing out front of the garage how to get to Marsha's house. After we talked about his old Ferguson tractor a bit, he told me that "... it's pretty muddy down that way, you might have to back that rig back up the hill and get back out the way you came in, that's one cute little houseboat you built for Marsha..." And we were off again.

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I've met people this way in Nebraska and Texas and Wyoming and California and just about every place in between, but not nearly so often when I stop for lunch in one of those freeway truck stops. Be sure to tow an interesting boat and don't be in a hurry. It's just amazing all the new people you're likely to meet.

#### Spring Comes Ever So Slowly to Almostcanada

Our frozen landscape is reappearing and, our Reserve Fleet is forming up for the inevitable Project Review. Ferinstance, there's ol' bedraggled *Miss Delmar* needing to be put back into commission. Now that the snowdrifts are pretty much gone, we've even gone out there to take a look at those ones out there in the woods.



Not completely all bad news. Well, not real good either. Things didn't work out quite as expected. We was gonna trade the Chevy six and outdrive (from the crunched on hull) for either cash or, better, a functional largish motor for another of the Reserve Fleet. Apparently I let 'er seize up someplace along the way. Anyhow, we have a deal in place to dispense with that Detroit Iron, leaving another Frankencanvas to machinate upon.



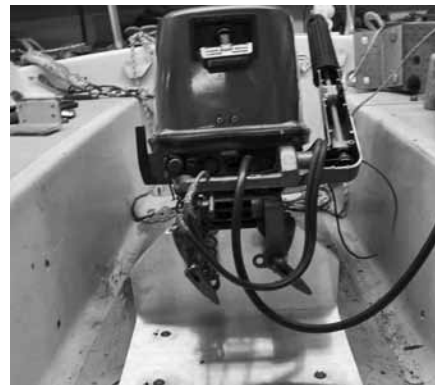
Then, there is our "token" wooden boat, *Punkin' Seed*. She was brought back from the moribund several Building Seasons back. Pretty much a complete rebuild from replaced centerboard trunk to completely replaced standing and running rigs. Lotsa 'pox and parts spread around. Seems *PS* is still caught in an awkward situation and, as snow shifts to heavy rain, a definitive rescue plan still eludes us.



Meanwhile, *Miss Kathleen* is moored in the driveway awaiting clearance from our surgeon who summarily grounded me. Yeah, no discussion. He was rather direct, "...if you want your wrist to heal after surgery, don't let me catch you out there swinging any wrenches..."



So that was kinda all there was about that. I have been able to pay occasional visits to the shop, to check on early season out-fitting work being done to *Lady Bug*. Not all bad news there. That replacement motor mount looks downright promising. It got all bolted in place and the holes and lumps filled and faired before that unfortunate grounding incident with the sawbones.



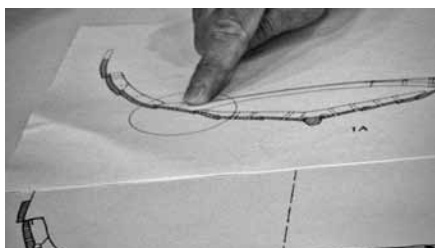


Constructed from oak and pine, the wreck known as *Skuldelev 6* started life in western Norway around 1030 as an 11 meter (38') fishing vessel. About 75% of the timbers were recovered from the Roskilde fjord seabed in 1962 and painstakingly restored to the boat's original shape. The remains are exhibited next to four other vessels recovered from the same excavation. All five boats were deliberately scuttled between 1060 and 1080 as part of a defensive barrier system blocking navigation to enemy ships entering the fjord. All five are different and offer an amazing window into 1,000 year old ships and the lives of the people who built and sailed them.



*Skuldelev 6* at the Viking Ship Museum in Roskilde, Denmark

Following the discovery of the wreck, a 30 year long recovery and reconstruction process began with laborious documentation of every piece of timber found, starting with 1:1 detailed drawings of each piece and including, eventually a 1/10th scale cardboard model. Assisted by experts in ship restoration and historians the final lines of the vessel as it would have appeared 1,000 years ago were drawn and the reconstruction known as *Kraka Fyr* was launched in 1998. Our vessel is a close relation to *Kraka Fyr* and borrows from those same lines.

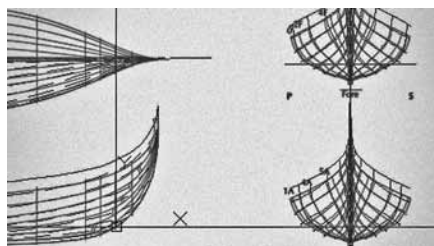


## The Building of *Polaris* 2015 - Getting Started

Contactinfo@norsvald.com

**Editor Comments:** We reported on the launching of *Polaris*, Stuart Boyd's replica Norse ship in the August issue, and here follow up with the owner's "Getting Started."

These computer generated lines drawings depict some of modifications we made to the original shape of the *Kraka Fyr* reconstruction. Our goal for these modifications was to improve the hull's performance and increase the safe carrying capacity of the boat.



Stacked among this pile of hopeful logs of Oregon oak is the lucky log from which the keel of *Polaris* will be chosen.



The logs for keel and stems/stern arrived by truck from the sawmill in Oregon. One by one and carefully each was carried to a temporary position in the boat yard. The keel log is shown here in front of the boat house which will become its home for the duration of building. Jay is placing wooden blocks to support each end while the log is being positioned.



Jay guides the stem log into position. Out of this single piece, master carver Rocky will shape the classic Viking stem and stern. It's essential that the quality of these timbers is the highest possible. Just in case Jay had a spare log delivered.



*Polaris*'s keel is being cleaved from a 32' straight log.



Behold, a stem log and a stern log. Having removed the bark and with the help of some oak wedges, the log is finally split in two and Lead Shipwright Jay gets to see for the first time the interior quality of the wood and decide if it's good enough and how to best use it.





## A Selection from the Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

### Cuban Chugs

By Carol Jones

Every time I'm in Key West, I visit the Key West Tropical Forest and Botanical Garden. It specializes in the native plants of Florida and the northern Caribbean, wildflowers, herbs, shrubs, trees, orchids, cactus, bromeliads, you name it. It's wonderful to wander through the maze of paths, identifying the birds and reading the very helpful signs. But the most fascinating part of the Garden to me has more to do with transplanting, people in this case.

The Cuban Chugs exhibit is located behind the display of Cuban palms. There are 11 boats, arrived since the mid '80s. These were built by refugees wishing to reach the US from Cuba. Clearly they were not professional builders and had very limited access to materials, hence the great variety of design.

Chugs were very easy to find before October's hurricane, on beaches all over the Keys you would see them dragged up and abandoned, some with clothes and other belongings left behind. Others were taken from the beaches and set up as nautical decor at waterfront bistros.

This is a time of strong opinions and feelings about immigration in our country. The chugs bring out strong feelings in me as well. I'm drawn to them whenever I visit Florida. These photos are a sampling of the materials, motors and designs of these boats. The one that looks like an inflatable is actually made of tarps filled with spray foam. All types of motors are represented, including a Nissan car engine and an outboard made from a lawn mower. Some have makeshift pontoons fashioned from industrial hoses for added stability. These are the boats that made it. It's a rough 90-mile passage for an open boat with uncertain weather, undependable power, low freeboard and no navigation equipment. Politics aside, it's sobering to look at these boats and try to visualize the stories behind them.

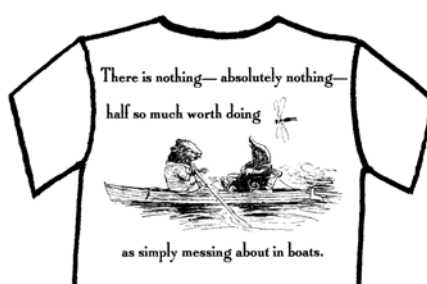
### A Piece of South Jersey History has Landed

By duckboats.net

Submitted by Rick Lathrop

Another piece of South Jersey history landed in the shop, a 16' cedar framed and planked railbird skiff. Believed to have originated in the Cape May area, gracefully bent planks and original framed stern drawer are a few of the highlights of this boat. Bottom planks are grooved and fitted with a copper tongue between them. Plans are for a restoration on the exterior to make it watertight, but the 100-year-old interior patina will be left as is! Stay tuned for updates.





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## The Tudor Foil

By Bill Perkins

My small sailboat needed a new daggerboard, a  $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick flat plate. In researching foils I found one source that addressed the flat foils many of us are bound to, a paper by Paul Zander, *Design & Construction of Centerboards & Rudders* 1996.

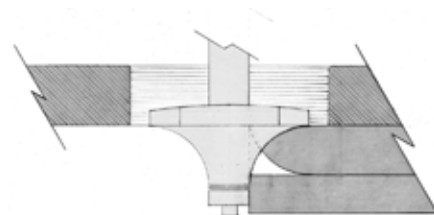
Mr Zander recommended an elliptical leading edge two to four times as long as the thickness of the plate. For the trailing edge he recommended a straight taper, cut square at it's end. For thin flat plates like mine he has the following advice:

"When the foil is really thin, it acts as a flat plate. There isn't much that can be done to affect its performance. Analysis of even 6% thickness (relative to the chord) shows much less sensitivity to shape than thicker foils."

My board's thickness was only 5% of chord so I felt free to just fair the edges as was convenient. I would at least make them symmetrical in cross section. A rounded edge would be easy to produce with a  $\frac{5}{16}$ " roundover bit but that just doesn't look or feel fast to me. I wanted to go with a more elliptical shape. The largest roundover bit I own has a  $\frac{3}{4}$ " radius (handy for putting a round edge on 2"x stock for a variety of handles, hand grabs and dowels. Thus was born The Tudor Foil.

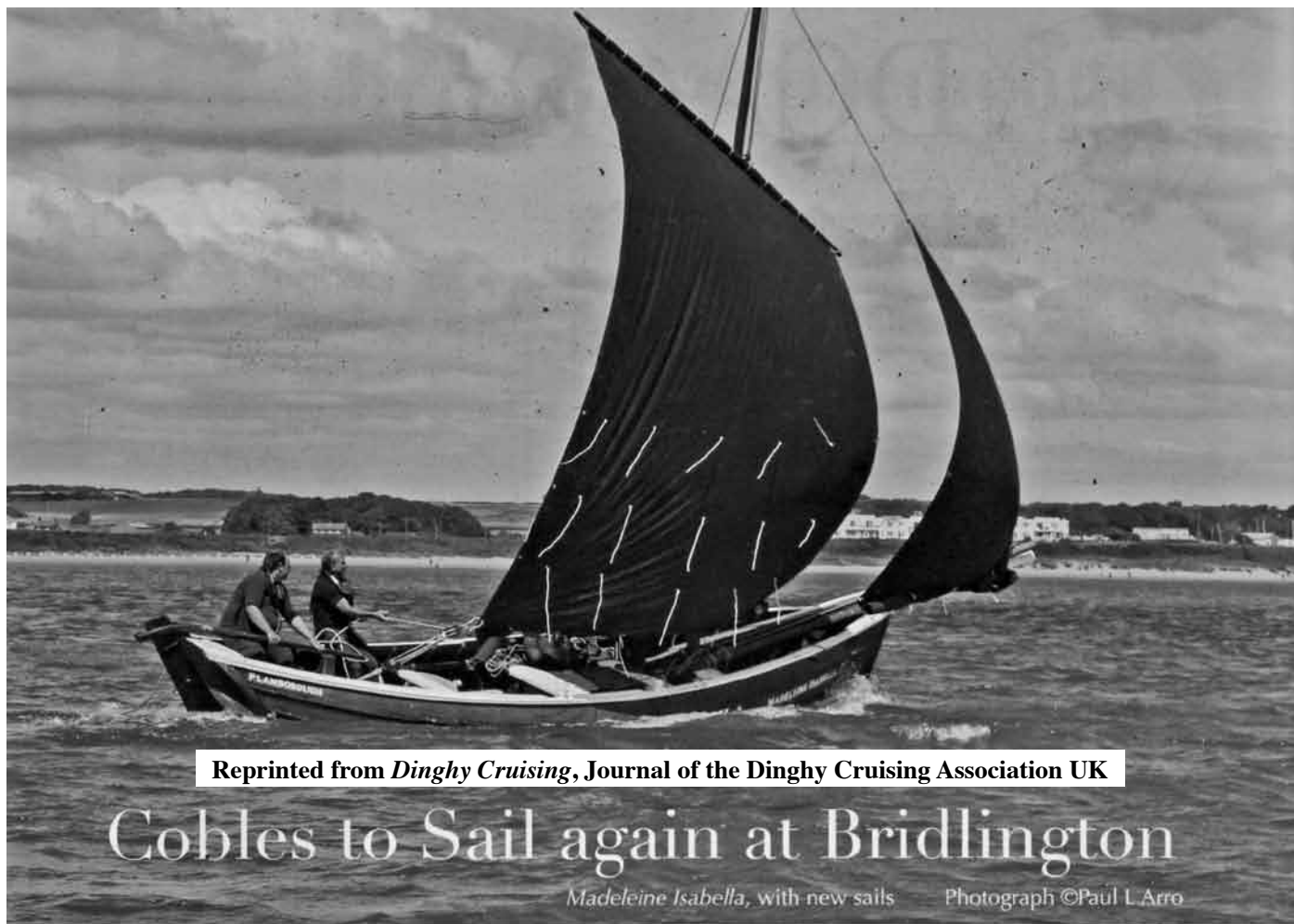
This is typical pattern routing at first. An accurate pattern is made, secured to the stock and the stock sawn about an  $\frac{1}{8}$ " outside it. I next made a pass with a flush cutting bit to reduce the amount of wood the roundover bit would have to deal with. The first pass with the roundover bit was made, set so the bit was tangent to the top surface of the stock.

For the second pass the work was flipped over and the pattern shifted to the other side of the piece, positioned by squaring down from the workpiece's long edge. This is shown in the drawing of the router base, the bit and the workpiece. Note that the finished foil is slightly narrower than the pattern by about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " in this case. We could, of course, increase the size of the pattern to compensate for this. I didn't. Test on some scrap to see what's what with any bit and foil thickness, or make a drawing.



Blunting the routed edge with a sanding block can get closer to an ellipse. I just eased the point slightly to insure my 5oz glass cloth would wrap it easily. There are some interesting big elliptical bits available, like Amana's Table Edge Router bits but these are specialized and expensive. I like to use what I have if possible, just messing about with boats.





Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

## Cobles to Sail again at Bridlington

*Madeleine Isabella*, with new sails

Photograph ©Paul L Arro

**T**HE THIRD ANNUAL 'Sailing Coble Festival' will take place at Bridlington over the weekend of 4th-5th August this year. This event is fast becoming a premier attraction on the East Yorkshire coast with many people, fishermen, coblemen and enthusiasts alike, from North Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland, making the journey south to view what is a spectacular sight of cobles under sail once again.

Expectations are high that the Festival this year will bring together twelve sailing cobles, the largest gathering in living memory. Visitors to the resort will be given a nostalgic glimpse of days gone by when cobles were a familiar sight sailing out of Bridlington Harbour, not only for commercial fishing but also for the holiday trade, when taking passengers for a sail around the Bay was a regular occurrence.

Organised once again by the Bridlington Sailing Coble Preservation Society and The Coble and Keelboat Society, with full co-operation from the Bridlington Harbour Commissioners, the Festival will showcase some beautiful examples of this traditional northeast coast working boat, the mainstay of the inshore fishing industry for generations. At every port, harbour and coastal village from the Humber to the Tweed, this iconic, open little craft was used for potting, long-lining and even trawling during its evolving life. Its origins can in fact be traced back to the Lindisfarne Gospels of around 700 AD.

Already it has been confirmed that *Christina* from Mevagissey, *Avail* from Henley on Thames and *Grace* from Staithes will be joining the six locally based sailing cobles that are berthed in the harbour during the summer months. It is expected that *Free Spirit*, one of the pair built at Bridlington in 2014 by John Clarkson and Joe Gelsthorpe, will also be under sail during the weekend. Invitations have gone out to a further three sailing coble owners and the Festival organisers are awaiting positive replies.

All the vessels taking part will be moored near the Harbour Heritage Museum, Harbour Road, to give visitors the opportunity to admire the beautiful lines of the cobles at close quarters and chat to the crews. Two periods of sailing are planned for each day, when all the vessels will parade out of the harbour and into the Bay to highlight the grace and serenity of a traditional sailing coble.

It is not too late for anyone who would like to take part in this spectacular sailing event to register their interest and get more information by contacting the organisers.

Paul L Arro

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13th February 2018

# Albert Strange on Cobles and the Design of Shoal Water Boats

Adapted from a section of his extended work, *The Design and Construction of Small Cruising Yachts*, which was first published over a period of months in *Yachting Monthly* (1906) by Herbert Reisch, the Editor and Strange's friend

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

**W**E ARE BROUGHT, THEN, TO CONSIDER the relative advantages of the centreboard type and the leeboard type in our search for the best kind of hull for use in shallow waters and dry harbours. The root idea should not, I think, be the question of 'how little,' but the exact opposite—'how much' draught can be adopted to ensure not only a big range of action, but as large an amount of actual seaworthiness as possible.

The fact that a yacht can sit absolutely upright on the ground is doubtless a great asset to those who desire to spend a large part of their cruising time in a stationary position. It is most convenient where the cruising ground dries out at half ebb for many miles, and it is a fact that a flat-bottomed yacht, such as a barge or sharpie, does not pound on the sand when being floated by an incoming tide, the water under the yacht forming a cushion until she is afloat.

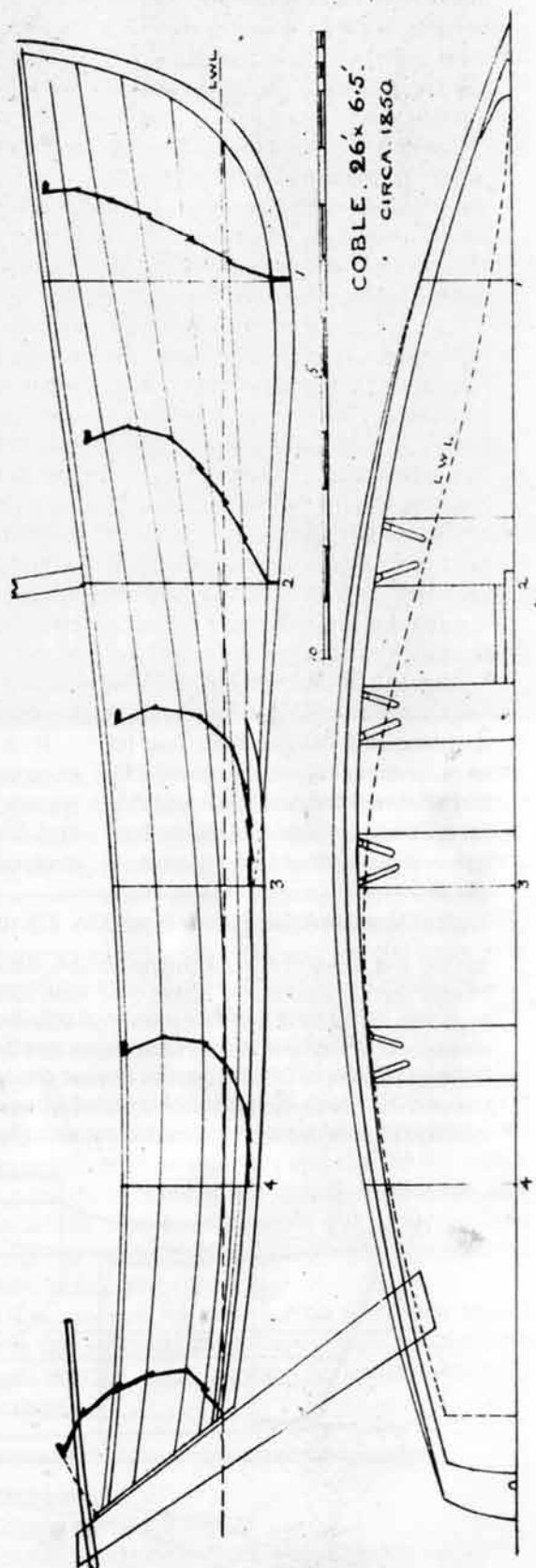
Against these advantages must be placed the fact that all experience has proved over and over again that the better performer a yacht is on the ground, the worse she behaves on the sea. The more nearly she will sit upright, the more she will drive to leeward in a breeze and a beam or head sea.

There is one exception to this statement. One type does exist that is of shoal draught and is yet, with skilful management, a good, if not exactly safe seaboat. This is the coble of the NE coast, a marvellous example of man's indomitable ingenuity in overcoming seemingly insuperable obstacles.

The example given as an illustration (*right*) was measured from an exquisitely built model in my possession, dating certainly from 1850, perhaps earlier. It displays accurately all the characteristics of the type, whose origin is undiscoverable, though doubtless it has, like all other types, been produced gradually, countless experiments having refined and perfected its extraordinary virtues as a working fishing boat. The only differences discernible in the coble during the last sixty-five years are a slight increase of draught forward, and the rounding in of the stern to a sharp point.

Boats having the sharp stern are called mules, and are said to run better in a sea. Running is the weak point of all the boats, and it only requires a glance to see that with the deep forefoot this will be the case. The rudder is, of course, unshipped when the boats are brought to the beach. Should a rudder break, a fatal accident is almost inevitable, particularly in running. On a wind, especially in coming to the land from the fishing grounds four or five miles to leeward, ballast is shifted to windward, and one of the crew of three is constantly baling, the boat being sailed hard under her single lug, which is never dipped on short tacks.

The sketch is given as an illustration of a unique type of light draught sailing boat, *not* as a model for a cruiser.



A more unsuitable hull for any purpose of cruising could not be devised. A larger size of coble, from 30ft to 33ft over all, with greater proportional beam, drawing from 3ft 3ins forward to a foot or so aft, is used for line fishing and for herring drifting. Boats of this size have been built for cruising yachts, but the rudder difficulty is almost insuperable.

There is practically no difference in hull form between the coble and the sharpie under water, which seems to indicate that for very flat-floored craft of this kind moderate beam, sharp lines forward, and a clean run are indispensable for speed. At the same time the structural advantage lies with the coble, both in strength and lightness, and although the type is stiff at first through a small range of heel, its stability soon vanishes. A coble is never sailed with the sheet fast, and a sharpie requires just as much care in handling and an equally small amount of sail area in proportion to overall length.

Leaving the flat-floored angular bilged craft therefore to those whose requirements compel their use, let us consider the more yacht-like forms of centreboard boats suitable for cruising in shoal waters, such as those of our numerous estuaries.

The catboat pure and simple, with its draught limited to about one-tenth of the waterline, and having but one large sail set on a mast placed absolutely as far forward as it can be, and a very large wooden board, has never been popular in English waters. It is a fast type, especially to windward, so long as there is no sea to contend with. But directly it comes to the question of reefing, many of its excellences disappear.

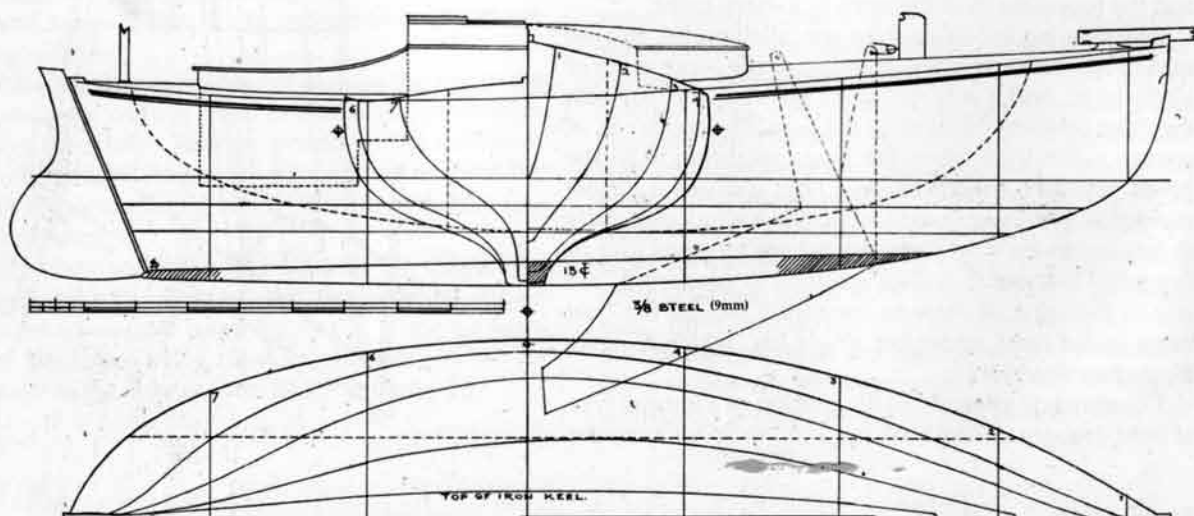
Owing to its great proportionate beam, often approaching one-half the length in ballasted boats, and the strong downward pressure of the sail acting on the long lever, these boats all have a keen inclination to bore by the head, and become almost unmanageable when pressed. The single big sail is not a cruising rig, and the absence of forward and after overhangs is a grave disadvantage in boats so liable to great changes of form when heeled. Modern catboats have some overhang, but, taking it all round, the type is, for our climate, too short, too shoal, and too difficult to handle.

It is here that the advantage of compromise comes in. Given somewhat less beam, more body, and fair overhangs, a type may be evolved that will be a good seaboat

of excellent stability, of a range far exceeding that of a shallower, wider boat, and offering as much room below as any boat of the same length of waterline. A draught of from one-seventh to one-ninth of the waterline length and beam of from .35 to .4 of the waterline length, give a basis upon which to plan a cruising centreboard yacht of a highly satisfactory kind, which will be sturdy enough to face a stretch of open sea successfully, strong enough to take the ground, and of such a draught of water as will enable almost any district, however full of shoals, to be explored. Such boats up to about ten tons displacement would be excellent for almost every description of cruising, both in winter and summer, having sufficient area of lateral plane without the centreboard to enable them to be worked in water only a few inches deeper than their draught. They would ride, without the board, steadily to their anchors in strong winds, when a much shoaler type would sheer about badly unless the board were down, and they might be so designed as to be as pleasing to the eye as the deep keel type, a feature not without its advantages at all times, but especially in the market.

**Typical Humber Yawl, Heavy Type** LOA: 21ft LWL: 19.5ft Beam: 6.9ft Draught: 2ft Displacement: 2 tons SA: 329ft<sup>2</sup>

Too big and heavy to interest dinghy cruisers, who have always been more taken by the lighter canoe yawls, about which Strange says: 'A smaller and lighter type, from 15ft to 18ft LOA is still in existence in the Humber Yawl Club. They have been very useful little craft for cruising on inland waters, and many extensive cruises have been accomplished in them abroad and in England. But for tidal waters and large estuaries the boats have been found too small for comfort, and lacking in power to face the broken short seas of a weather-going tide, though they make excellent dayboats and weekend cruisers. The fifteen-footers are only wide canoes of light displacement and depend on form for stability. Their limit of stability is soon reached and they require a careful hand at tiller and sheet when sailing.'





How did they do it? How did primitive people so very successfully cross and recross thousands of miles of the Pacific, settling extremely remote islands and atolls and then returning to islands of origin and crisscrossing to others for reasons such as continued trade and social discourse? All without charts, compasses or instruments of any kind?

In short, they did it through learning from and through the intense observations of countless generations of seafarers before them. Observations of the world around them, signs in the sea and the sky, the weather and wind and the very heavens above.

Research clearly shows that the Pacific peoples migrated west to east, from the region of today's Indonesia, exploring for new lands into the easterlies. That's right, against the predominant wind direction. This fact made getting back home to the origin of their voyage fairly predictably downwind, no doubt a handy option to have. Over a span of 1,000 years or so virtually every far flung island in the Pacific, including the especially tricky ones like New Zealand, Hawaii and Rapa Nui, had felt the footprints of curious and clever sailor explorers.

In voyages of discovery in the Pacific, ancient seafarers knew not what lay ahead but in general they knew that up to that point there had been success in finding more islands to the east. Being well versed in the art of dead reckoning, they constantly assessed their approximate position in relation to their departure island, they always knew the direction of home. The ancient sailors used clues derived from all aspects of their environment to determine such direction. Of course, we can assume that there were many unsuccessful voyages of discovery. Nevertheless, the persistence and navigational ability shown by the ancient seafarers in migrating their way across the Pacific is nothing short of staggering.

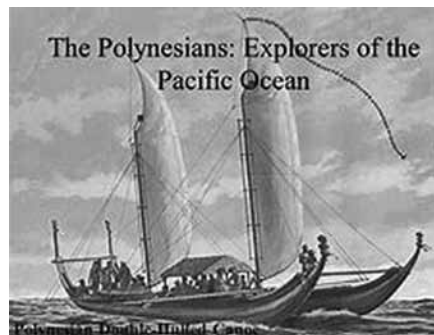
Some of the voyages of discovery were one way trips, as is likely in the case of the aforementioned Rapa Nui. Also known as Easter Island, the isolated speck of volcanic terra firma lies 2,400(!) miles from the Marquesas, its nearest settlement voyage origin point. Oral tradition has it that two large, double hulled voyaging canoes landed on the sole sand beach of Rapa Nui in about 800 AD and luckily the voyage consisted of adequate numbers of people, plants, foodstuffs and, above all, the wherewithal to establish a foothold in that new little world. How many such voyages did it take before one was successful, how many brave seafarers were lost, we'll never know, but today there remain on Rapa Nui descendants of those settlers, those long distance oceanic voyagers.

Most primitive Pacific voyages were not ones of discovery of hitherto unknown islands, but consisted of ones crisscrossing to and from known islands in familiar archipelagos. The reasons for these voyages were as numerous as the vagaries of human nature demand and include searching for new homes, trading of goods, visiting friends and families, fleeing friends and family, searching for mates, carrying out warfare, raiding and conquest and pure wanderlust.

The primitive seafarers of the Pacific possessed relatively sophisticated double hulled voyaging canoes and the comprehensive skills to sail them. Their knowledge of the location of islands in their respective regions was encyclopedic and voyages of 500 miles or more were routine at the time of European contact. Navigators amassed a

## Ancient Pacific Navigation Primitive Seafaring

By J.W. Robinson



stunning amount of information in their collective heads, there was no written language, no hard copy was kept.

Being so cognitively demanding, few Pacific Islanders were master navigators. The art and precise science of navigation was passed on orally and experientially to younger generations of specially selected students of the art. Equal to their navigational skills were those enabling open ocean survival. The ability to derive food from the sea, to effectively catch and store rainwater, to affect repair and maintenance of their vessels as well as their bodies and spirits and having brought just what is needed, no more and no less, all were aspects of successful long distance voyages.

So again, just how did they do it? How did the early navigators confidently sail back and forth between the islands of their realm, out of sight of land for days, even weeks, at a time?

In any navigation system the basic requirement is that the voyager must set out from his departure point and progress toward his objective by proceeding in the correct direction. As mentioned previously, the ancient seafarers knew that the night sky is rich with a panoply of information and following star paths was one way in which they utilized this celestial data. That is, navigators oriented by using stars low in the sky, following the rising or setting, depending upon whether their course was eastward or westward, of a succession of stars known to be in the direction of a destination landfall. When the rising star became too high in the sky for accurate following, the next star rising on the star path to the destination was followed and so on. It is to be remembered that except for at the equator a rising or setting star will not follow a straight up and down path, but an arc across the sky. This effect is more exaggerated the farther one moves away from the equator to higher latitudes.

There is, of course, seasonal variation in star paths since stars rise four minutes earlier every evening. After six months the stars that were in the night sky are now unseen, obscured by daylight. This seasonal variation and all that it entails further affirms the high degree of celestial knowledge possessed by the ancient navigators.

Additionally, the navigators knew zenith stars for the islands in their realm. A zenith, or overhead star, is one which passes over a particular island when at its zenith in the sky.

Zenith stars are not steering stars but latitude stars. A star's declination is its celestial latitude. It passes above all places whose latitude equals its declination as it proceeds from east to west across the sky.

During daylight hours the seafarers used their position relative to that of the sun for staying on course, but with just that one star to work with during the day navigation was generally less precise than the nighttime portions of passage making. There is no known indigenous method of ascertaining longitude by celestial observation, but the ancient ones managed to work around this deficiency by utilizing what modern man might deem as extremely subtle clues.

For instance, primitive navigators used their accumulated knowledge of locally generated waves and the underlying long distance ocean swells and their faint directional behavior as additional reference to their position. Swells are refracted by land friction which impedes the movement of their inshore ends. Swells are reflected when they contact land and some of their energy is redirected back in the direction from which they came. Noting the effects of swell refraction and reflection and extracting positional information from them is a complex art and was obviously a highly honed skill possessed by early navigators.

Dead reckoning was employed to track the progress of the early vessels. Accurate back bearings were taken upon setting out and until out of sight of the departure island. Not only did this practice aid in staying on course, but it helped in the identification, or simply confirmation, of current set. Speed, as part of dead reckoning, was estimated by feel, or by observing the time to reach, say, a bit of foam in the water. And the speed of their sailing canoes did not vary greatly, the point of sail, the specific tack on or off the wind, had the greatest effect on speed variation, not the vessel type.

The destination islands to which the Polynesians steered are tiny in comparison to the huge expanses of Pacific, so it was helpful to develop techniques to perceptually enlarge the target island. One such strategy was that of navigating to "island blocks," that is, the spaces between islands in groups was perceptually bridged, therefore making the entire archipelago a target.

The ancient ones learned that land proximity could be further deduced from a certain "brightness" of the clouds, or a subtle color reflection on the underside of clouds from the shallow sea surrounding an atoll, as well as from observing cloud formations draping the peaks of high Pacific islands, motionless clouds "hanging onto" the high peaks.

Evidence suggests that ancient seafarers did not chance overrunning destination islands by passing them in the dark so, when it was determined that land was nearby, they would heave to until daylight. There is also evidence suggesting that ancient navigators planned to arrive at their destination islands 20 to 50 miles to windward to make landfall more predictable. Confirmation by a zenith star that was then opposite one's landfall was no doubt affirming as well as gratifying.

Knowing the flight range of birds can appreciably increase the target size of destination landfalls. There are pelagic species like petrels and shearwaters which have very little connection with land, but others such as boobies, white terns, noddies and frigate birds spend their days fishing at sea but roost

on land every night. Flocks of noddies and white terns can be found up to 25 miles or so offshore and boobies and frigate birds can be found up to about 40 miles from shore. So the presence of such birds indicates that land is not far away, but the wheeling flight behavior of these birds during the day gives no hint as to the direction of the land. Towards dusk, however, the behavior of the birds is a different matter because they will fly on a low, straight trajectory directly toward land, alerting the mariner accordingly.

About 400 years ago the heyday of the early Pacific navigators faded, coinciding with ever increasing contact with European seafarers. Since then, technological advances have enabled the mariner to plot his or her position with increasing accuracy and with decreasing cognitive demand. These advances have been ones of instrumenta-

tion, from early charts and devices to measure inclination of heavenly bodies, astrolabe, octant, to the first compasses, then on to the age of the sextant and chronometer which finally allowed for highly accurate determination of longitude.

Modern ocean navigation is, of course, dominated by satellite dependent GPS systems, methods which allow for pinpoint accuracy in position determination. One could make the case that approaching such astonishing accuracy in modern navigation has come at a high cost, that cost being the great dependence on complex electronics and the loss of a very highly developed cognitive art. We, as modern electronics dependent mariners, have lost the extreme awareness of environmental clues in assessing our position at sea and, beyond that, perhaps even our understand-

ing of our metaphorical place in the cosmos has degraded.

Maritime safety experts are unanimous in recommending that mariners be versed in at least the basics of non electronics dependent navigation, but it could be argued that safety is only a slim portion of the value of learning at least a tiny portion of the fine art of ancient navigation techniques. Are the methods by which we navigate today "better" than those used by the ancients 1,000 years ago? In some ways certainly, but as I alluded to previously, much has been lost in our almost universal adoption of satellite dependent techniques.

Primitive ocean navigation is becoming a lost art but there are some dedicated folks around the globe, particularly a small cadre of Pacific Islanders, who are endeavoring to keep the craft alive. May their efforts be rewarded.

The following report, published in April 21, 2011, in *Mālamalama/The Light of Knowledge*: the magazine of the University of Hawai'i, is based on the study "High-precision radiocarbon dating shows recent and rapid initial human colonization of East Polynesia" by Janet M. Wilmshurst, Terry L. Hunt, Carl P. Lipoc, and Atholl J. Anderson, published in the Feb. 1, 2011, *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* (PNAS). It updates the 1999 article that follows.

Polynesian colonization was sudden and swift. New research indicates human colonization of Eastern Polynesia took place much faster and more recently than previously thought, University of Hawai'i at Mānoa anthropologist Terry Hunt reports. Polynesian ancestors settled in Samoa around 800 BC, colonized the central Society Islands between AD 1025 and 1120 and dispersed to New Zealand, Hawai'i and Rapa Nui and other locations between AD 1190 and 1290.

Hunt was part of an international team that applied improved radiocarbon dating techniques and equipment to more than 1,400 radiocarbon dated materials from 47 islands. Their model considers factors such as when a tree died rather than just when the wood was burned and whether seeds were gnawed by rats, which were introduced by humans.

Improved vessels and favorable winds resulting from frequent El Niño conditions probably contributed to the unusually rapid spread to hundreds of islands across an ocean area the size of North America. Late and rapid dispersals explain remarkable similarities in artifacts such as fishhooks, adzes and ornaments across the region. The condensed time frame suggests assumptions about the rates of linguistic evolution and human impact on pristine island ecosystems also need to be revised.

Hunt first recognized how indiscriminate samples excavated on Rapa Nui (Easter Island) could skew radiocarbon dating results.

## *The Discovery and Settlement of Polynesia*

By Dennis Kawaharada (1999)

The Polynesian migration to Hawai'i was part of one of the most remarkable achievements of humanity: the discovery and settlement of the remote, widely scattered islands of the central Pacific. The migration began before the birth of Christ. While Europeans were sailing close to the coastlines of continents before developing navigational

## Polynesian Colonization Update

instruments that would allow them to venture onto the open ocean, voyagers from Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa began to settle islands in an ocean area of over 10 million square miles. The settlement took a thousand years to complete and involved finding and fixing in mind the position of islands, sometimes less than a mile in diameter on which the highest landmark was a coconut tree. By the time European explorers entered the Pacific Ocean in the 16th century almost all the habitable islands had been settled for hundreds of years.

The voyaging was all the more remarkable in that it was done in canoes built with tools of stone, bone, and coral. The canoes were navigated without instruments by expert seafarers who depended on their observations of the ocean and sky and traditional knowledge of the patterns of nature for clues to the direction and location of islands. The canoe hulls were dug out from tree trunks with adzes or made from planks sewn together with a cordage of coconut fiber twisted into strands and braided for strength. Cracks and seams were sealed with coconut fibers and sap from breadfruit or other trees. An outrigger was attached to a single hull for greater stability on the ocean; two hulls were lashed together with crossbeams and a deck added between the hulls to create double canoes capable of voyaging long distances.

The canoes were paddled when there was no wind and sailed when there was; the sails were woven from coconut or pandanus leaves. These vessels were seaworthy enough to make voyages of over 2,000 miles along the longest sea roads of Polynesia, such as the one between Hawai'i and Tahiti. And though these double-hulled canoes had less carrying capacity than the broad-beamed ships of the European explorers, the Polynesian canoes were faster: one of Captain Cook's crew estimated a Tongan canoe could sail "three miles to our two."

After a visit to the Society Islands in 1774, Andia y Varela described the canoes he saw: "It would give the most skilful [European] builder a shock to see craft having no more breadth of beam than three [arm] spans carrying a spread of sail so large as to befit one of ours with a beam of eight or ten spans, and which, though without means of lowering or furling the sail, make sport of the winds and

waves during a gale, their safety depending wholly on two light poles a couple of varas or so long (about eight feet), which, being placed athwartships, the one forward and the other aft, are fitted to another spar of soft wood placed fore and aft wise in the manner of an outrigger. These canoes are as fine forward as the edge of a knife, so that they travel faster than the swiftest of our vessels; and they are marvellous, not only in this respect, but for their smartness in shifting from one tack to the other." (Corney, Vol. II, 282).

The voyaging was by no means easy. There was always a danger of swamping or capsizing in heavy seas, of having sails ripped apart or masts and booms broken by fierce winds, of smashing the hulls against unseen rocks or reefs; and while there were grass or leaf shelters on the decks of voyaging canoes, the voyagers were often exposed to the wind, rain, and sun, with only capes of leaves or bark-cloth wrappings for protection. A stormy night at sea, even in the tropics, can be brutally chilling. If supplies ran short during a long voyage, and no fish or rainwater replenished them, then starvation became a possibility. As a tradition about a voyage from Hiva (the Marquesas) to Rarotonga puts it: "The voyage was so long; food and water ran out. One hundred of the paddlers died; forty men remained."

A long voyage was not just a physical, but a mental challenge as well, particularly for a navigator without compass or chart. To navigate miles of open ocean required an extensive and intimate knowledge of the ocean and sky. Captain Cook noted that Polynesian navigators used the rising and setting points of celestial bodies for directions. Andia y Varela was told how Tahitians also used the winds and swells to hold a course:

There are many sailing-masters among the people, the term for whom is in their language fa'atere (Hawaiian: ho'okele). The fa'atere are competent to make long voyages like that from Otahiti to Oriayatea [Ra'iatea] (about 150 miles) and others farther afield. One of these sailing masters named Puhoro came to Lima on this occasion in the frigate; and from him and others I was able to find out the method by which they navigate on the high seas."

They have no mariner's compass, but divide the horizon into sixteen parts, taking for the cardinal points those at which the sun rises and sets. When setting out from port the helmsman partitions the horizon, counting from E, or the point where the sun rises;

he knows the direction in which his destination bears. He observes, also, whether he has the wind aft, or on one or the other beam, or on the quarter, or is close-hauled. He notes, further, whether there is a following sea, a head sea, a beam sea, or if the sea is on the bow or the quarter. He proceeds out of port with a knowledge of these [conditions], heads his vessel according to his calculation, and aided by the signs the sea and wind afford him, does his best to keep steadily on his course.

The task becomes more difficult if the day is cloudy, because the sailing-master has no mark to count from for dividing the horizon. Should the night be cloudy as well, the sailing-master regulates his course by the wind and swells; and, since the wind is apt to vary in direction more than the swell does, he has his pennant, made of feathers and palmetto bark, by which to watch changes in the wind, and he trims his sails accordingly, always taking his cue for holding his course from the indications the sea affords.

When the night is clear, he steers by the stars; and this is the easiest navigation for him because he knows the stars which rise and set over not only the islands he is familiar with, but also the harbours in the islands, so that he makes straight for the entrance by following the rhumb of the particular star that rises or sets over it. These sailing masters hit their destinations with as much precision as the most expert navigators of civilized nations could achieve (Corney, Vol. II, 284-6).

To keep track of their position at sea during long sea voyages, the navigators used

a system of dead reckoning, memorizing the distance and direction traveled until the destination was reached. Finding islands before they could actually be seen was also part of the art of navigation. Voyagers followed the flight of land-dwelling birds that fished at sea as these birds flew from the direction of islands in the morning or returned in the evenings. The navigators also watched for changes in swell patterns, cloud piled up over land, reflections on clouds from lagoons, and drifting land vegetation.

When European explorers found the islands of Polynesia, the common ancestry of the Polynesians was evident, the inhabitants of widely separated islands looked alike, spoke alike, and had similar cultural practices. Their manufactured products such as fishhooks, trolling lures, adzes, and ornaments also revealed similarities. And they had the same basic stock of domesticated plants and animals.

The peoples of Polynesia came from a common ancestral group that developed a distinctive fishing and farming culture in the islands of Tonga and Samoa.

While dates constantly change with new archaeological discoveries, the general sequence for the settlement of Polynesia has been relatively well established (dates represent earliest archaeological finds; they almost certainly do not represent the earliest presence of human beings.):

Hunters and gatherers inhabited Australia and New Guinea by 50,000 years ago.

Around 1600-1200 B.C., a cultural complex called Lapita (identified by a distinctive

pottery and named after a site in New Caledonia) spread from New Guinea in Melanesia as far east as Fiji, Samoa, and Tonga. Polynesian culture developed at the eastern edge of this region (i.e., in Samoa and Tonga).

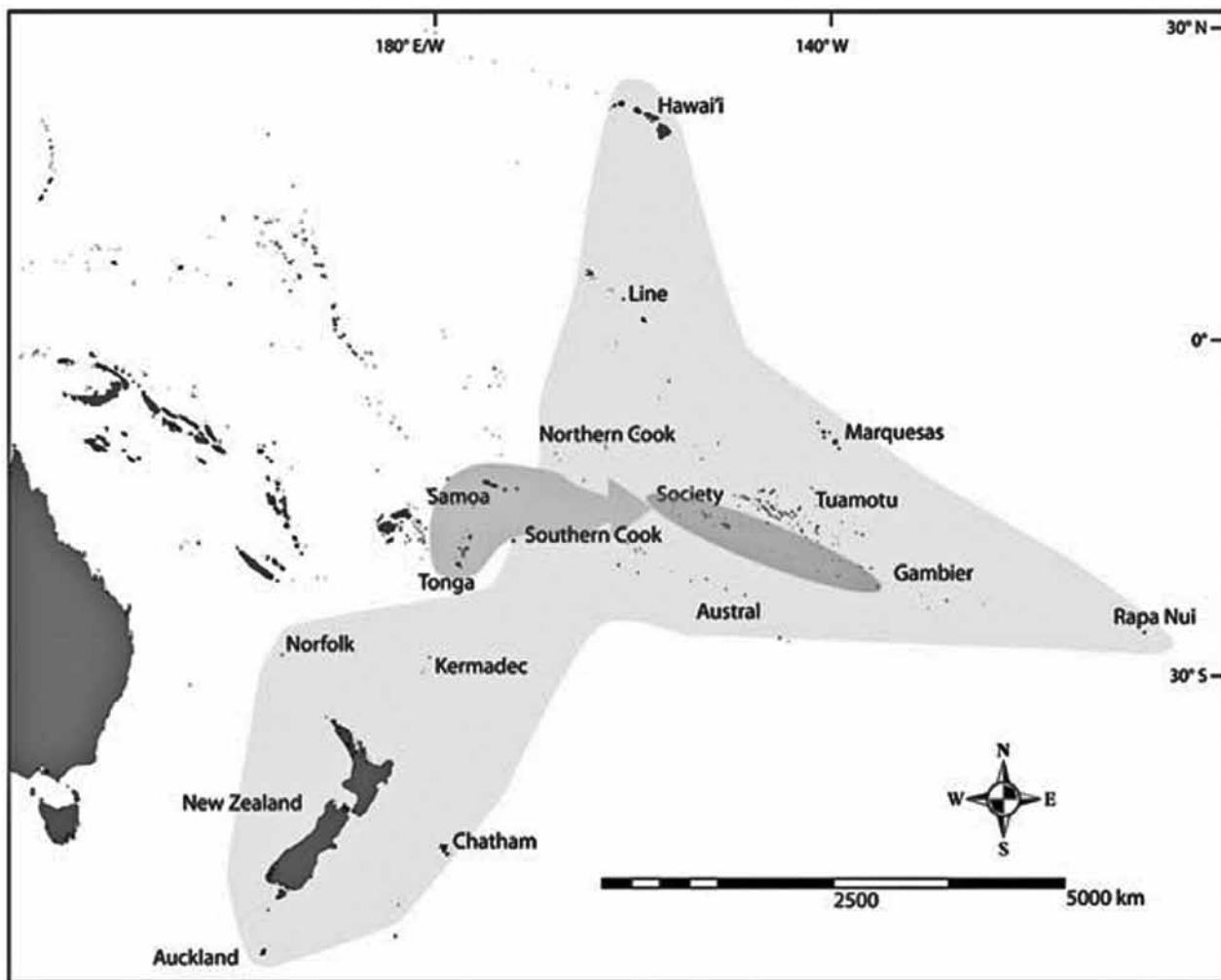
Around 300 B.C. or earlier, seafarers from Samoa and Tonga discovered and settled islands to the east, the Cook Islands, Tahiti-nui, Tuamotus, and Hiva (Marquesas Islands).

Around 300 A.D. or earlier, voyagers from central or eastern Polynesia, possibly from Hiva, discovered and settled Easter Island.

Around 400 A.D. or earlier, voyagers from the the Cook Islands, Tahiti-nui, and /or Hiva settled Hawai'i.

Around 1000 A.D. or earlier, voyagers from the Society and/or the Cook Islands settled Aotearoa (New Zealand).

The ethnobotanical evidence reflects this progression of settlement from the Western Pacific islands, through central Polynesia (the Cook Islands, Society Islands, and Hiva), and then to Hawai'i. Of the 72 plants identified as having been transported to Polynesia by people, 41-45 are found in the Cook Islands, the Society Islands, and Hiva; 29 are found in Hawai'i, including taro, breadfruit, sugar cane, bamboo, ti, yam, banana, 'awa, paper mulberry, kukui, coconut, gourd, sweet potato, and mountain apple. The settlers also brought the pig, dog, chicken, and rat along with them. The transport of plants and domesticated animals on voyaging canoes suggests that the early settlers planned to colonize Hawai'i, after having discovered its location.





A man who is not afraid of the sea will soon be drowned for he'll be going out on a day he shouldn't. But we do be afraid of the sea, and we do only be drowned now and again (from *The Arran Islands* by J.M. Synge).

Nothing affects the mariner as completely as does the weather. Anticipating changes to both weather and sea conditions can be of critical importance. To forecast what lies ahead you should capitalize on every available lead to future weather. This includes (1) understanding your own observations and how to interpret them, (2) heeding professionally prepared weather forecasts and storm warnings, (3) studying marine weather and climatological summaries or atlases and (4) making use of weather charts and analyses available via radiofacsimile.

## Shipboard Observations as a Guide to Future Weather Conditions

Your observations are dependable guides in determining future weather conditions. The following factors should be considered when making a forecast:

### Pressure and Pressure Changes

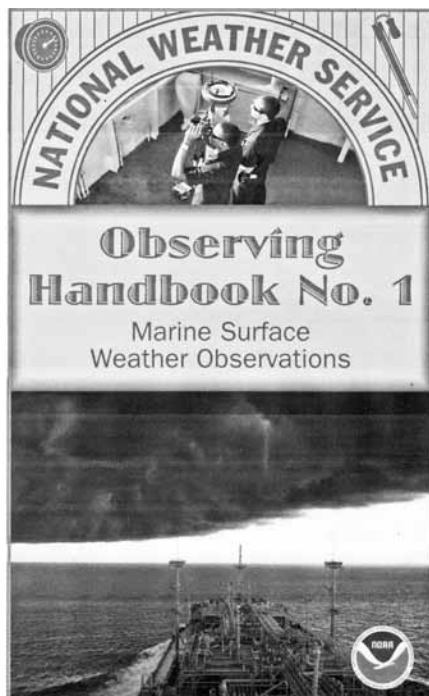
Pressure changes, or a lack thereof, are very significant weather indicators. The approach of a low pressure or frontal system, tropical depression, storm or hurricane is heralded by falling pressure. A steady, persistent drop in pressure normally indicates that foul weather is on the way. Be particularly wary of a rapid or sudden pressure fall of considerable magnitude. A steady and persistent rise in pressure is indicative of a period of settled or stable weather. Steep pressure rises and falls are often accompanied by strong wind. The passage of a front is often marked by a fall and subsequent steadying of pressure or a fall followed by a rise in pressure. High pressures accompanied by slow pressure changes usually indicate a location within or near the center of a large high pressure area.

### Wind

Wind shifts are very meaningful and usually foretell a change in the weather. If, during stormy conditions, the wind shifts from the east, southeast or northeast, to the west, northwest or north (in the northern hemisphere), the weather should soon begin to clear. During fair weather, if the wind shifts from the west, southwest or northwest, to the east, northeast or southeast (in northern hemisphere middle latitudes), a deterioration in weather conditions is likely (especially with a falling barometer). In general (but not always), fair weather comes with a wind from the southwest, west or northwest and unsettled weather is usually associated with wind from the east, southeast or northeast (all wind directions are reversed for the southern hemisphere).

### Clouds and the State of the Sky

Clouds are very important indicators of existing weather conditions and also provide early clues to impending changes. Of particular significance is the sequence or progression of cloud formations observed over several hours or more. In advance of storms (including mid latitude cyclones or low pressure areas, tropical depressions, storms or hurricanes), a typical cloud progression would be (1) high cirrus clouds several hundred miles or more in advance of the storm center, (2) if the storm is moving closer, cirrus will thicken to become cirrostratus and then, when the storm



is only a few hundred miles away, the darker altostratus, (3) if the altostratus develop into stratocumulus, or especially nimbostratus, the storm is getting closer, rain will begin to fall and wind speed should increase. The duration and intensity of storms can vary greatly; by using cloud sequences together with other indicators such as pressure and wind direction, you will obtain a good idea of what conditions to expect.

Cumuliform clouds should also be closely watched. Cumulus with sharp or hard edged cauliflower like tops are still growing and rising vertically. Cumulus with indistinct or fluffy tops have probably stopped rising and should not pose any threat. Sometimes cumulus is seen to develop strongly to start with, then flatten out into a layer. This indicates the cloud has advanced into a temperature inversion associated with a high pressure area.

If cumulus is observed to extend vertically and grow into cumulonimbus, a thunderstorm with possible lightning and strong, gusty winds may be near. When a thunderstorm enters your area, pressure may rise. This results from the downdraft of air just ahead of heavy precipitation. The downdraft may also cause the air temperature to drop.

Fair weather cumulus with little vertical extent are good weather clouds. They indicate some instability close to the surface but stable, dry conditions at higher levels. High icy cirrus clouds are also indicative of fair weather (if precipitation or storms are near, these clouds would not be visible).

It has been found that halos around the sun or moon are followed by rain about 65% of the time. Halos occur as a result of refraction of light through the ice crystals of cirrostratus clouds. As already indicated, cirrostratus is often the first sign of an approaching storm or warm front. In the middle latitudes of the northern hemisphere, a halo with northeast, east or southeast wind and falling barometer can be a fairly reliable indicator of inclement weather to follow.

### Temperature and Humidity

There is a good possibility of fog formation whenever the wet bulb depression is slight or when dew point temperature is

close to the wet bulb temperature. The fall in nighttime temperature should be watched if the wet bulb depression narrows, there is a greater likelihood of fog formation.

Also, an increasing dew point temperature or a narrowing of the wet bulb depression may indicate the approach of a front or storm system with inclement weather. On the other hand, a low dew point temperature and large wet bulb depression indicate very dry conditions associated with high pressure areas, good visibility and generally settled weather conditions.

### Sea and Swell

The arrival or absence of swell provides a clear distinction between the advance of a local thunderstorm and an approaching well developed storm center. A threatening sky with increasing and thickening clouds, but without any swell, cannot be part of a large storm system so any bad weather will probably be short lived. However, increasing swell from the direction of advance of the storm clouds would suggest an approaching storm with a large area of strong winds. The appearance of a heavy, rolling swell often indicates the approach of a tropical storm. Such swell are the remains of huge, decayed waves generated by the storm, but which travel faster than the storm.

The presence of swell for a long time without any significant change in weather conditions is difficult to interpret. A storm system may be approaching, but very slowly, or it may have already passed by.

## Weather Forecasts and Storm Warnings

Always take advantage of professionally prepared weather forecasts and storm warnings, either from the NWS or from privately operated companies. Professional forecasters obtain vast amounts of data from worldwide sources which allows them to locate and closely follow the movement of weather systems. Forecasters use numerical models which provide detailed forecast guidance out 72 hours or more from run time and which also provide useful data out 144 hours (six days) or more.

## Marine Climatological Summaries or Atlases

Climatological atlases generally provide information based on conditions averaged over long periods of time and provide an indication of the range in weather and sea conditions to be expected in a particular area. The National Geospatial Intelligence Agency prepares marine climatological atlases for the world's oceans which contain much meteorological and oceanographic information. Included is information about prevailing winds, currents, atmospheric pressure, the movement of ice, etc. See <http://www.nga.mil/NGAPortal/MSI.portal>.

## Using Weather Charts and Analyses

The weather charts received via radiofacsimile provide a wealth of information allowing you to do your own forecasting. Perhaps the most useful chart is the surface analysis which indicates the locations of highs, lows, fronts, tropical storms and also contains plotted surface reports, including ship reports.

Your PMO can answer questions about using the surface and upper air weather analyses.

## Weather Lore Jingles and Proverbs

Weather forecasting and supporting data acquisition programs (such as the VOS program) are a recent human advancement. Until the development of modern meteorology within the last hundred years, people relied on their own observations and experience to make weather predictions. It was known that certain atmospheric conditions were likely to produce certain kinds of weather and this knowledge was often put into verses or proverbs. Some of the more accurate of the old sayings are shown below. All wind and compass directions are for the northern hemisphere (especially middle latitudes) and would reverse for the southern hemisphere.

"Beware the bolts from north or west.

In south or east the bolts be best."

Fairly reliable in the northern hemisphere middle latitudes, where weather generally moves from west to east. Lightning to the north or west could mean a thunderstorm coming towards you.

"Rainbow to windward, foul fall the day.

Rainbow to leeward, rain runs away."

A windward rainbow indicates rain upwind, so it may begin raining soon. A rainbow behind the wind or to leeward implies the rain has probably past.

"If wooly fleece deck the heavenly way,

Be sure no rain will mar the day."

or

"If fleecy while clouds cover the heavenly way

No rain should mar your plans that day."

Wooly fleece or fleecy white clouds refer to cumulus clouds with little vertical development (fair weather cumulus). This is sound folklore (as long as the clouds remain flat and do not grow vertically later on).

"Mountains in the morning.

Fountains in the evening."

The mountains refer to high, billowing cumulus clouds, indicative of instability and possible development of cumulonimbus clouds and a late afternoon or evening thunderstorm.

"When a halo rings the moon or sun,

Rains approaching on the run."

As already indicated, a halo around the sun or moon is followed by inclement weather about 65% of the time.

"Short notice, soon to pass,

Long notice, long will last."

or

"Long foretold, long last.

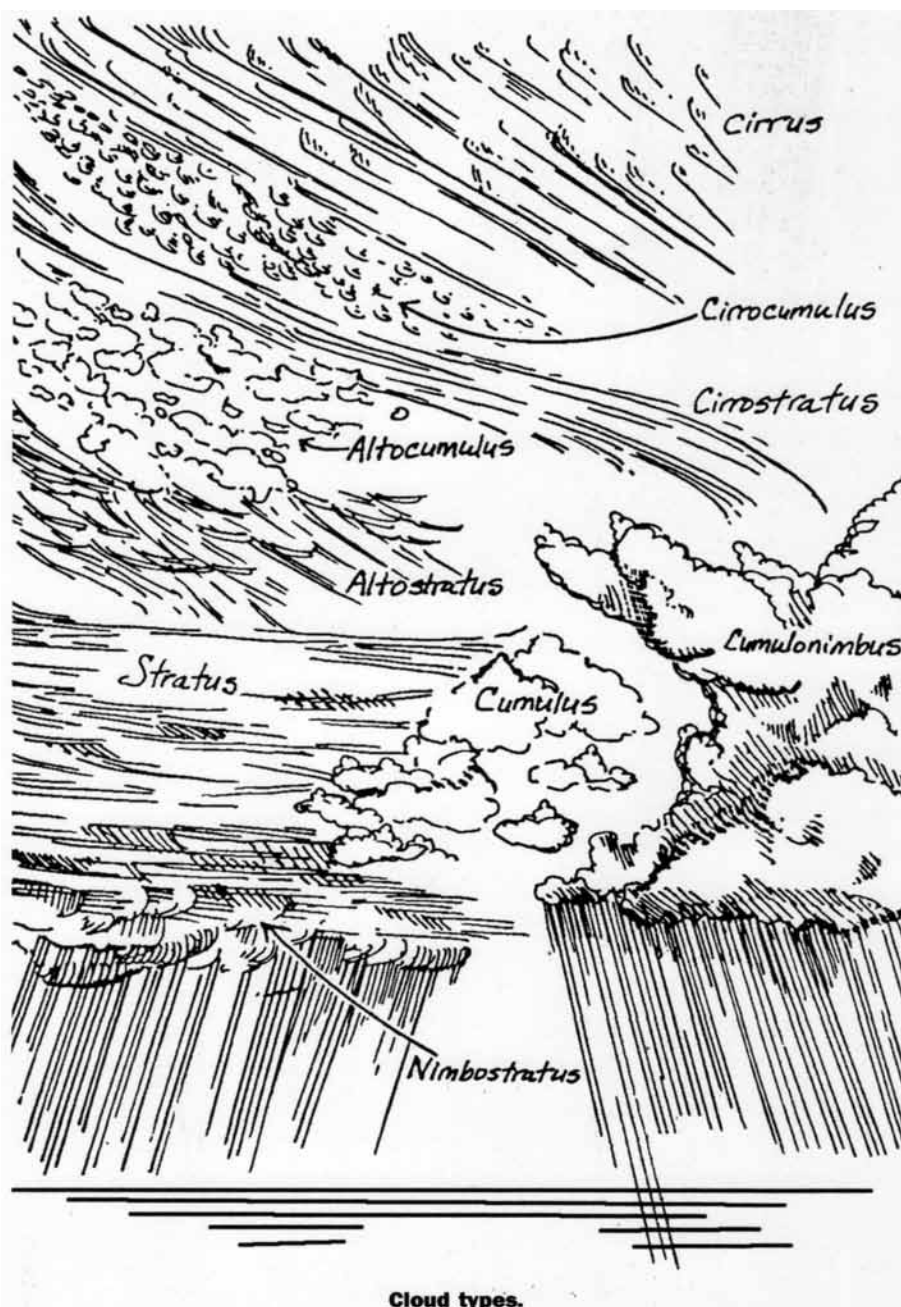
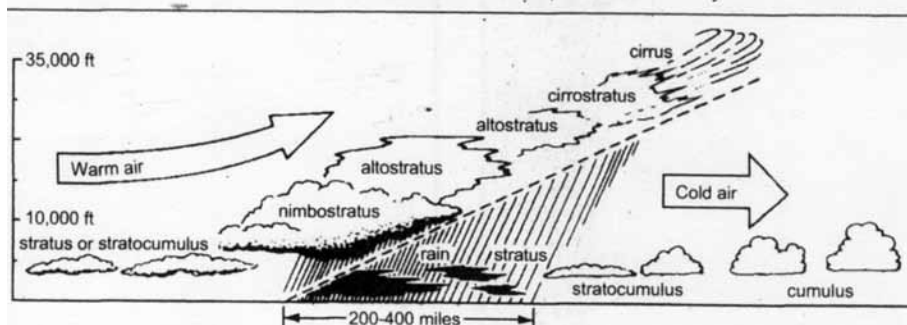
Short notice, soon past."

The approach of a major storm system with bad weather lasting several hours or more is revealed well in advance by cloud formations, changing wind direction, falling atmospheric pressure, the arrival of swell, etc. However, a short lived bad weather event, such as a local thunderstorm, might only be revealed a short while ahead of time, such as from cumulus growing into cumulonimbus. This is, therefore, a fairly accurate jingle.

"Seagull, seagull, get out on the sand,  
We'll never have good weather with thee on the land."

During fair weather, gulls scavenge at the water's edge or offshore. During stormy weather they often fly inland and scavenge at waste dumps. However, they usually don't do this until after the storm has arrived!

Vertical section of clouds ahead of a low. If a warm front is present, it will lie along the dashed lines.



Cloud types.

"When the glass falls low,  
Look out for a blow."

or

"When the wind backs and the weather glass falls,  
Then be on your guard against gales and squalls."

Sound advice, because as already indicated, a steady, persistent fall in atmospheric pressure is often a good indication of foul weather to come. This is particularly true with a wind shift from the west to the east, northeast or southeast.

“Red sky at night, sailors delight.  
Red sky in the morning,  
sailors take warning.”

This is probably the most famous of all weather sayings and is true more often than not. A red sky at sunset or early evening indicates clouds to the east, with clearing on the western horizon allowing the setting sun to be seen. Unsettled weather or storminess may have passed or be moving out. A red sky in the morning indicates clouds to the west as the sun is rising, which may advance eastward and bring bad weather with them.

“When the wind before the rain,  
Let your topsails draw again.  
When the rain before the wind,  
Topsail sheets and halyards mind.”

A small, weak, frontal system will have a narrow band of associated rain and wind may be more conspicuous than rain. Stronger fronts and intense depressions are sur-

rounded by bad weather for considerable distances and precipitation should precede the strongest wind.

“Mackerel skies and mare’s tail  
Make lofty ships carry low sail.”

The mackerel sky is composed of cirrus and cirrocumulus clouds (which resemble scale patterns on a mackerel’s back). The mare’s tails refer to trails of ice crystals blown in streaks from cirrus clouds. These clouds may appear ahead of an approaching storm or frontal system and can indicate strong winds aloft. If the cirrus and/or cirrocumulus thicken to cirrostratus, altostratus and then nimbostratus, stormy conditions may be on the way. Strong winds require less sail for navigation in a rough sea.

“Sound traveling far and wide,  
A stormy day will betide.”

Low, dense, rainy, stratus and nimbostratus clouds trap sounds by preventing them

from escaping into the atmosphere above. Voices or noise may appear louder and travel further when these clouds are present.

“Frost or dew in the morning light  
Shows no rain before the night.”

The formation of frost or dew requires night time cooling which usually occurs only on very clear, calm nights. Such a night is usually followed by fair, sunny daytime weather so inclement weather would be unlikely. However, a weather system moving very rapidly could arrive during the day, thus interfering with this proverb.

“First rise after low

Portends a stronger blow.”

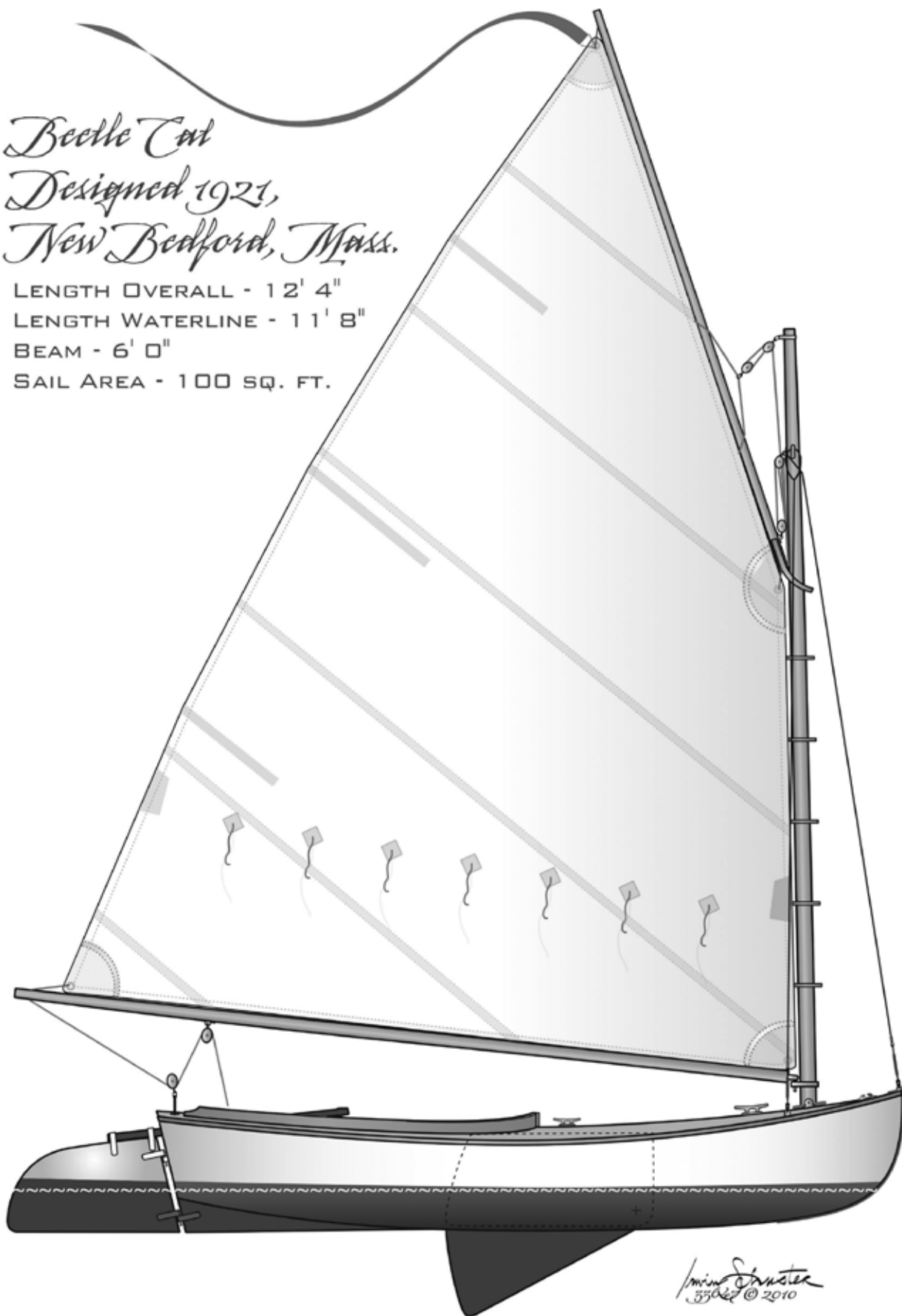
The strongest, gustiest wind often does not occur until the barometer reaches its lowest value and begins to rise. This is especially true in intense, well developed storm systems. Pressure gradients behind the low center can be very strong, giving rise to dangerous, unpredictable gales.





*Beelle Cat*  
*Designed 1921,*  
*New Bedford, Mass.*

LENGTH OVERALL - 12' 4"  
LENGTH WATERLINE - 11' 8"  
BEAM - 6' 0"  
SAIL AREA - 100 SQ. FT.



Small Craft Illustration #10 by Irwin Schuster  
[irwinschuster@verizon.net](mailto:irwinschuster@verizon.net)



**Irwin Schuster, Sec/Ed** on *Gerda III* completion: I reviewed the history of the ship, hopefully for the last time, and briefly how the model was made. While being restored at Mystic, the ship belongs to The Museum of Jewish Heritage, donated by the Danish government. This venue has an exhibition on the ship but no model or physical representation and I am in the process of offering mine, on the theory that a single artifact is unlikely to be displayed for instance, at Mystic where I have seen dozens-hundreds of fine models in storage.

Both **Mike Marcus**, member living in Cocoa Beach and **Howard Veisz** (see below) advised on contacting MJH. This October will be the 75th anniversary of the specific rescue effort commemorated.

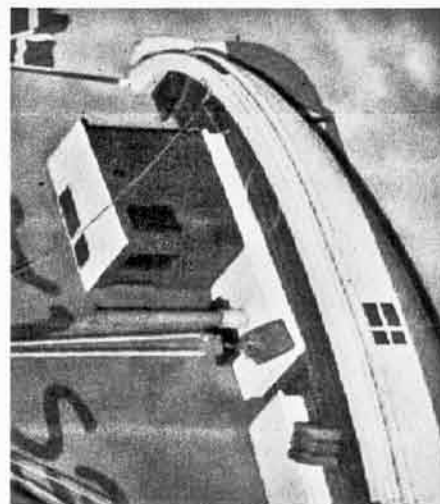
Mystic says: "Built in 1926 as a lighthouse tender, the *Gerda III* appears to be a common Danish workboat. But in October of 1943, she played a much more important role. The boat was used by Henny Sinding, the 22-year old daughter of a Danish Navy Officer who commanded the country's Lighthouse and Buoy Service, and a four-man crew to rescue Jews from Nazi-occupied Denmark. The refugees were brought to a warehouse along Copenhagen's waterfront and smuggled aboard the *Gerda III*, hiding in the cargo hold. The little vessel then set out on her official lighthouse supply duties, but detoured to the coast of neutral Sweden and put her "cargo" ashore. Although the vessel was regularly boarded and checked by German soldiers, the refugees were never discovered. The *Gerda III* rescued approximately 300 Jews, in groups of 10 to 15.

Henny Sinding and the brave crew were not part of the organized Danish resistance movement. Ordinary Danish citizens were outraged by the Nazi plan to deport Jews to the death camps. The Danish people mounted a spontaneous effort that saved more than 7,000 of their Jewish neighbors – almost the entire Jewish population of Denmark.

By an act of the Danish Parliament, the *Gerda III* was donated to the Museum of Jewish Heritage in New York City. The vessel was restored to her wartime appearance, complete with neutral flags, by the J. Ring Andersen yard in Denmark. Mystic Seaport Museum is proud to help care for the boat and exhibit her in the United States. Of the 300 boats that participated in the evacuation, *Gerda III* is believed to be one of only three that remain afloat." So that covers her history.

**Howard Veisz** covers this fully in the book, *Henny and Her Boat*. Mr. Veisz a retired lawyer and cruiser, is the docent in charge, at Mystic. He was helpful on a couple of points, with the model.

I want to add that Gerda and her crew rescued downed allied airmen before October 1943 and after, into the Cold War, by transferring escapees from East Germany, who managed to get to a lightship, and taking them to Denmark, under the noses of Soviet patrols. It is odd to characterize the ship as heroic, but her designers, builders and crew (especially) certainly were.



"Vores tak!" translates to "Our thanks!" in Danish. The votive-commemorative presentation style is modeled on (stolen from) the dramatic dioramas of Anne-Emanuelle Marpeau. Note that this year is the 75th anniversary of the rescue effort. Henny is not shown aboard as her work was land-side.

# Gerda III: The Making of the Model

By Irwin N. Schuster

## History

I first encountered *Gerda III* at Mystic during the annual Nautical Research Guild conference in October 2015. I was not aware of her history but was attracted to the little ship. At the time she was stripped of rigging and under restoration above the waterline.

In 2017 I learned that an acquaintance, Mike Marcus, living in Cocoa Beach, had also taken an interest in the ship and had done two essential tasks. He had gotten permission to go aboard and take photos and done the groundwork of obtaining plans. He shared both of these with me and set my course.

Mystic had/had a site and the www has additional photos. As conceived, ships are planned and drawn. The plans are sent to a shipyard, which follows and interprets those plans according to their own materials and practices, modified by the supervision of the owners. The ship is launched and the commander readily modifies as he can to suit the task at hand. The responsibility, after all, is his for the safety of cargo, crew and vessel.

The point is, at any time in service, changeable parts can change, winches, rigging, hardware. Finally, the sea distorts the hull over time. There is no absolute documentation available and this model should not be taken as gospel. It is meant to be a votive representation of the ship and the heroic actions in which she was involved.

There is no indication that other models of this ship have been built, although Mike is doing so as of this writing.

## Construction

First, it is a half model. Why? Boats are generally symmetrical. It is a traditional format but here, hybridized to allow the whole hull to be viewed. Half of everything is enough to get the idea across and because I can incorporate art readily. Facing left is not my preference, but a couple of features occur on the port side and that dictated.

The hull is made of High Density Polyurethane Foam (Sign Foam). It is split at the waterline to best define the color break. Probably not worth it for the other problems of alignment it creates. A center plate forming the stems, keel and rudder is laser cut.

The deck is created with individual planks. The simpler deck furniture, base of the pilothouse, main hatch and fore compartment are solid with added roofs. The natural-finished cabinetry is laser cut and engraved from custom files from drawings I created in Adobe Illustrator. The cargo jerry cans and aft grating are as well.

The half mast is made up of two parts, temporarily glued, then turned and separated. This gives a spare if needed.

The flags are laser printed paper. The anchor is a Pool design as manufactured in Russia, made of styrene sheet. The winch is cobbled together of gear scraps and odd mini junk. The prop has soda can aluminum blades in a wooden hub. The stack is aluminum tube

with fabric boot. The main cargo block is a paper fabrication with the sheave of common punched disks, further punched with a leather working tool. The gull has printed paper wings with wooden body. A fine iron wire allows wing shaping and mounting.

Finishes are spray can and craft acrylics, shellac and such.

Henny is portrayed off the ship, as her part was onshore. She is made on a wire armature, with wood, paper and wood filler. She is staged on a Baltic birch pedestal. The case framing is rough cedar. Glazing is retained with flat thumbtacks and the face frame is attached with Velcro.

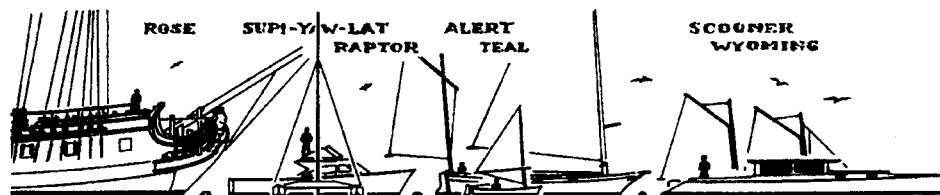
The model took about eight months, start to finish, August 2017 to June 2018. Howard Veisz' book, *Henny and Her Boat*, was released about April, a complete surprise. It supplied new information and a few details, as well as a great deal more of the history.

Finally, a flash drive with most of the support images, plans, etc., and progress photos is anchored behind Henny.

# Gerda at Mystic Seaport







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As of the last issue you have even more confidence about building a hull like this with that broader, well illustrated discussion on the lifting, moving, rotating of full-length panels of up to about 40° in the case of her topsides, or around 1,000lbs with her completed and painted hull bottom and bow structure. As promised then, now back to the narrative of more studies, more options of functions. After that longer piece, here a short one. Just one type, however visually quite dense, worthy of closer examination.

This profile and large deck layout on that 30'8"x7'8" hull is already familiar from the April issue with that 1-liter 4-cylinder 50-60hp gasoline large prop outboard power and from June with that 2-cylinder 1.4L 30hp continuous duty DEUTZ type 2011 F2L Diesel, an air oil cooled 3,000rpm max industrial unit swinging a 16" diameter prop and exhausting its burned Diesel fumes and optionally its hot cooling air upwards through a duct and out the roof and away.

Here, however, the engine has been moved right up against that forward wheelhouse to clear up the most amount of deck space. The Diesel still sits with its front end offcenter at an angle to allow clearing the portside wheelhouse door, again, with two CV joints allowing soft mounting the engine and straightening the flow of power to match up with the centerline axis of that propshaft. With that weight this far forward, we'll plan on bolting nicely faired in trim ballast far back left and right through the sides of the skeg, more or less, all depending upon our particular plans for the boat, our experience, and changing preferences over time.

We still have that daggerboard forward, but now to starboard, as before to help control her in stiff crosswind in tight waters. And we've opened up some additional floor space ahead and lower of her porta potti for about 4'3" headroom to slide into this sole truly private space aboard. The wheelhouse has long overdue flip down side windows

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #527 in *MAIB*

**Multi-Mission Party Barge,  
Family Explorer Camper,  
Dive Boat, Whatever You  
Can Think Of**

and top hinged outward opening windshield panels for maximum summertime ventilation or just best awareness trying to get through that patch of sudden dense fog. With curtains drawn tight you can change clothes or towel down your shivering shy kid before the dry clothes go on.

So we arrive at a 15'x6' open cockpit space, useable for pleasure or work. And we'll use it well! In the option shown here we'll load her up for a long day of fun on the water, possibly even underwater. So we take kids, friends, a lively Car Topper dinghy (Design #519), at least one kayak, or one on edge on each side, probably some scuba gear, a big icebox full of meals and treats, perhaps aerial and underwater drones to explore and record from up on high and way deep below. No doubt four kayaks could fit easily on edge on her aft raised deck, leaving the deck coamings open for fishing. Or we could take instead a longer and even wider dinghy, hauling not just two but four and more sailors. Or two of these lean jet skis could sit side by side on that elevated outward draining deck platform aft. We might even add stout fuel tankage in that volume below that raised deck, along with tools, spares, fenders, stuff. Things to plan and plot in winter times. Are open air orgies afloat still fashionable?

We'll use that stern gate folding down and into the water to allow moving boats and people off and on, perhaps haul aboard large

fish, if not heavy treasure. Possibly add a fold down ladder or two to help heavily equipped divers or just tired swimmers. In fact, we might need an A-frame to lift and swing stuff out and in. With engine out of the way and the prop down below and away from limbs, we may be having the best of all worlds in this multi purpose platform for pleasure or work, perfectly fine with that modest but very reliable power, able to swing big alternators for lights, charging of batteries, even a compressor for more intense deep exploration. Possibilities to dream up.

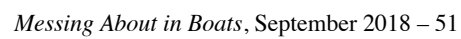
You could be even more mobile than any usual marina setting suggests. She may be at home in a crowded residential setting on her trailer in that driveway alongside that house. So we'll load her up with boats and gear, pile everyone into that 4x4 not so minivan, hit the highway, launch her somewhere different each opportunity to explore the waters of your region, to promptly claim that special spot as yours, likely forever according to the kids.

For overnighting, we may plan on extending that roof some further aft, add side curtains, even more canvas and bows work to extend protection to the stern, then secure all the boats trailing out behind her for the night with folks figuring which way to lie on deck, with perhaps a cot or two for senior crewmembers. Six regular folks with the right mindset might fit without poking toes into nostrils. More with mostly junior cadets. One may be too tired to mind anyway.

Regular camping gas cooker, grill and griddle will offer simple filling meals, fine smells, with grease and accidents easily cleaned up off that deck. Living lean, roughing it afloat can be as satisfying as tenting, minimalism hiking, bicycling or with that enduro or convertible. For some reason memories of adventures can seem even better if carried out on a small budget. Likely because of the promise that you can have more of them.

More conceptwork next issue.





Among the boating gear that we brought back from the coastal cottage was a pair of rubber boots. They were very old and leaked, but the soles were still good and they protected the feet when wading in the silt, muck and soft sand that is much of the bottom in our area. Bare feet and boats are not a good combination. A slip of the sole of a foot against a metal cleat can result in a trip to the hospital. Stepping out of a boat onto the ground can lead to (in our area) sandspurs and a good deal of pain will be experienced while the thorns are removed and the punctures doctored.

Also, some non-skid surfaces can hurt bare feet (especially sand in paint which was one way in the "old days" to provide traction), as can a sun heated deck, and wet feet can slip on a fiberglass surface. There also can be a problem for people wearing open-faced sandals or beach clogs in terms of stubbed toes (ouch!) on various deck fittings that are not that high, but very solid. If boots are worn onboard, it might be a good idea to make sure they are slightly oversized so they will come off if one ends up in the water. Heavy, water-filled boots can be a problem if one is trying to keep one's head above water until help arrives.

One problem with the classic white boating shoes is they can attract predatory fish to moving feet in the water. One time some competitors on a Hobie 16 slowed down and the wife came in off the trapeze in the middle of a race in Apalachee Bay. When asked why later, it seems that there was a hammerhead shark about 10' behind them following the white rudder blades. They eased the main-sheet and held the rudders still until the shark lost interest and swam elsewhere.

When my wife and I were racing small sailboats we had black skin diver booties to protect our feet (and keep them warm while sailing in the wintertime). If one went over the side, or the boat turned over with us on board, we did not have to worry about white shoes in the water and the feet were still somewhat protected from debris on the bottom.

One problem on larger boats is people coming onboard wearing the wrong type of shoe. The soles are either slick or create marks on the deck. Some owners are reported to require those coming onboard to leave their shoes on the float or pier or set them aside on the boat and put them back on



after they have left the boat. One hopes that they provide suitable footwear for the guests in such circumstances.

While researching types of shoes worn by sailors (quite a variety actually) I came across a website ([thebrownshoes.org/](http://thebrownshoes.org/)) where a subset of the site, whence term brownshoes, noted that the Navy's "pioneer aviator trainees coming from the surface fleet wore uniform low quarter, square toed, black leather shoes which served best on the coal burning ships due to the soot from the ships' stacks. Arriving for duty at the North Island Air Field for training flights, six students experienced a foreign environment of dust on the soft surface air field. They found themselves being constantly required to remove the dust from their black shoes which was irritating, causing them to look for alternatives to this nuisance."

After some bureaucratic work about shoe color and dust, on November 13, 1913, the Navy Bureau signed approval to the uniform regulations to include "the shoes of brown with brown high top leggings" as part of the permanent uniform for Naval Aerial Aviators until July 1, 1976, when brown shoes were no longer authorized for naval aviators.

Earlier in this column, I noted that one of the means of creating a non-skid surface was sand in the paint. The extreme of this approach was an International Fireball that my wife and I raced in local events. The previous owner had layered large grit (think a sand paper for a floor sander) on the gunnels where the crew stood when out on the trapeze. It was rough enough to damage the skin if rubbed against. While the crew in the trapeze did not slip when standing on this material, we left on our sailing gloves when picking up the hull to put it back on the trailer.

Another problem with sand in the paint was getting an even surface. One scattered the sand over the wet paint in an even man-

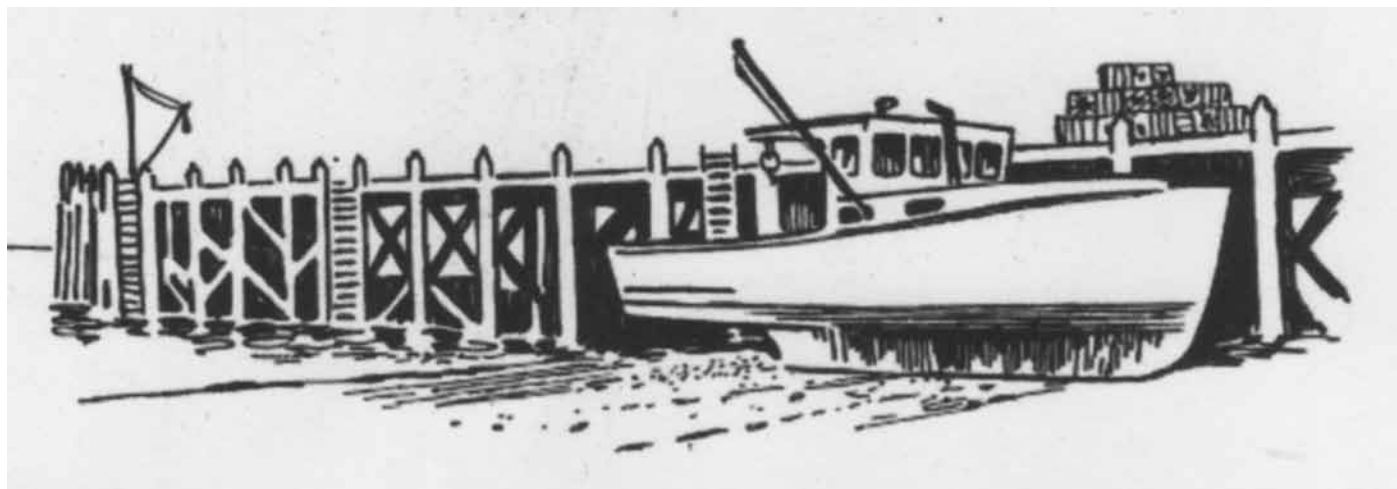
ner and then tried to brush it out so there were no "clumps." It did not always look nice, but the non-skid was there and bare feet were not an option.

On a different topic, does your boat have a keel cooler? These are very nice devices to cool the engine without a heat exchanger within the boat and the accompanying raw water pump and associate plumbing. My father built one for the boat, we had to avoid the destruction of the engine's cooling system from running seawater through the system. Basically it was a long galvanized pipe that ran in a "loop" from the stern to the bow area and back again. He used the original hole in the hull for the former raw water intake and put another opening on the other side of the keel. The engine's water pump did the work. The arrangement slowed the boat a bit but worked quite nicely.

Today's keel coolers are designed to fit against the hull and provide little resistance to moving through the water. One problem it seems is that some of the newer engines operate at different temperatures than older engines and if an engine with a keel cooler has to be replaced, the keel cooler might have to be replaced also.

Both of our Sisu boats had handheld spotlights that plugged into receptacles on the dash. When not needed, the spotlights were stored below out of the way. My cars had the same arrangement with the spotlight stored in the trunk. The vehicle's spotlight was powered with a plug that went into the cigarette lighter on the dash. With about 10' of power cord, the light could be used from both in and out of the car as needed. The last rental car I used did not have a cigarette lighter (it was a cigar lighter) which was the outlet to plug in a charger for cell phones and the like (max draw 150watts). If I modified the wiring to work with this outlet, I might blow a fuse since some spotlights pull a lot of power from the vehicle's battery.

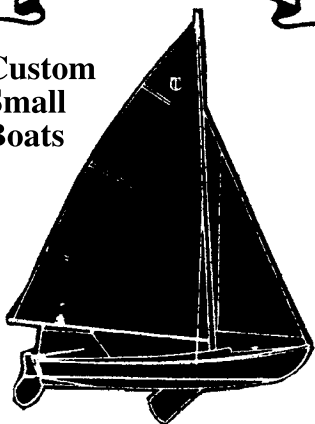
My last item in this column is a request for information if any of you all know anything about a Sioux 1514 drill stand made around 1968. I contacted the technical support people at Sioux and received back a diagram and the parts list for the device but they did not have access to an owner's manual. No one I have contacted thus far seems to know how it works. Ideas would be welcomed.





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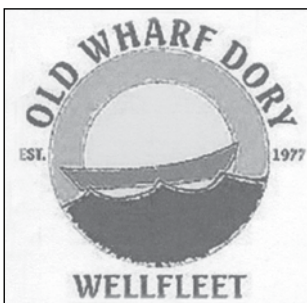
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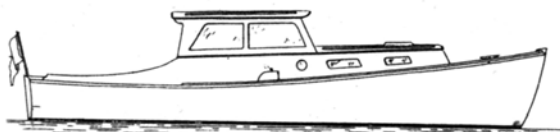


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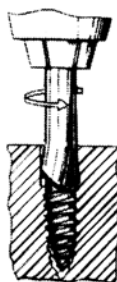
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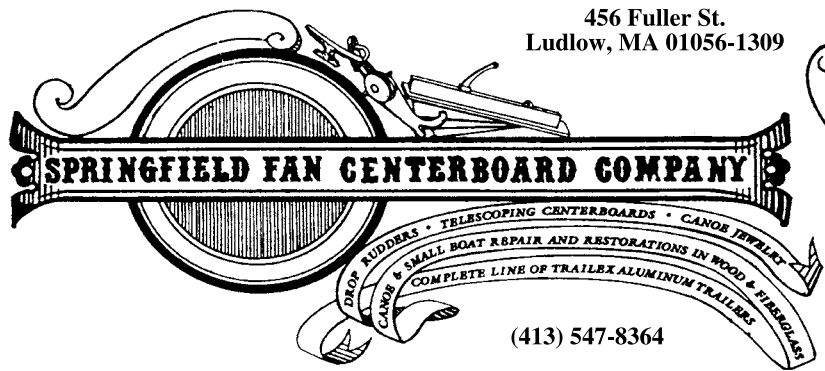
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"Si. Si. But what of the romance? There they are the same, si?"

How do you argue with someone when she is right?

## Parking Lot Skids

By Richard Honan

As I rode my bike out on to the Nahant Town Wharf, I saw this workboat skiff turned on it's side with three of these massive 1/4" thick steel runners fastened to the bottom of the boat. I thought to myself, "What the hell are they for?" A few minutes later, I watched a lobsterman motor his wooden skiff in from his lobster boat. He landed the skiff at the base of the black topped boat ramp. He backed his truck down the ramp, removed the outboard, placed it in the truck bed and "tied the painter to the trailer hitch" and proceeded to tow the boat (no trailer) up the ramp and into the parking lot where the rest of the skiffs were parked.

Upon further inspection, I noted that the rest of the skiffs or workboats also had thick sacrificial runners or skids on the bottoms of their boats. And that's how it's done in Nahant. They don't need no stinkin' boat trailers. Very interesting!



## One Everlasting Truth

The people who work with their hands, for example, fishermen and farmers, always seem to find the simplest, cheapest and most efficient ways to get things done.

### Lobster Skiff Sculling and Other Down East Tricks

By James Reid

In my time in Maine I noted that all the lobstermen's skiffs had sculling notches in their transoms so they could shuttle back and forth, either sitting or standing, using one hand. Of course, in many Maine harbors they don't have too far to go from the town dock to their boat. Never saw skiffs at a launching ramp, however. In fact, I don't recall ever seeing a launching ramp. It's probably all different now. Our dad taught we Reid boys to scull on a skiff transom, an invaluable skill if an oar is lost.

I, too, admire the skills and clever tricks of working men, farmers, carpenters and fishermen and lobstermen. A little background is called for here. Many years ago, Mary's brother, after watching his daily routine from our porch, befriended a Maine lobsterman on Indian Point, way down on Georgetown Island. He invited this Pat Moffat, a true Maineiac, up to our rental home for cocktails and sea stories.

Pat insisted we take a field trip down to the Five Islands dock to see their lobster hatchery. The cocktails prevent me from recalling all the details. But these Co-op members had conjured up a way to harvest lobster eggs, hatch them in a PVC barrel, transfer them to an adjacent barrel to grow

them to a more survivable size. They would then take the young, and very precious, baby lobsters, now in 5gal buckets, in their flat bottom skiffs up into the salt marsh for gentle release using a siphon. "Seven years," said Pat Moffat, "same as Christmas tree seedlings, then they're big enough to harvest."

Years later we rented a house with front row seats to watch the Lobster Co-op at Five Islands, screen porch, cuppa cahfee, outdoor stereo speakers and binoculars = vacation heaven. We watched the morning rituals of the very happy and prosperous lobstermen on the pier, before they set out to harvest from their traps.

The seven year wait was paying off. Lobster was selling on that dock for \$10.99 a pound (add a dollar to cook it). They had a full time lobster weigher/sorter who would fill floating plastic crates with the catch and add the newly full crates (I counted 100 lobsters per crate) to the line, tied off between the pier railing near the bait shack and the float where his operation was carried out.

Each morning a refrigerated truck from a distributor in Salem, New Hampshire, backed out onto the pier near the hoist. One morning I counted 37 crates towed over to be hoisted up into that truck (the revenue calculations overwhelm me).

I marveled at the lobstermen stepping into their skiffs from the float, never failing to step dead center on the center seat, keeping the boat perfectly balanced. I also noted their clever, labor saving technique for moving their heavy bait boxes. They used a hooked stick, maybe a cutoff gaff, and dragged the boxes across the pier, down the gangway onto the float. Their younger, fitter sternman would heft it up onto the rail of the lobster boat and stow it for the day's work.

I now use a hooked stick to drag my recycling bins to the curb for pickup.